

MANY WAYS TO DIE

A Collection of Tunnels & Trolls Solos

By Mark Thornton

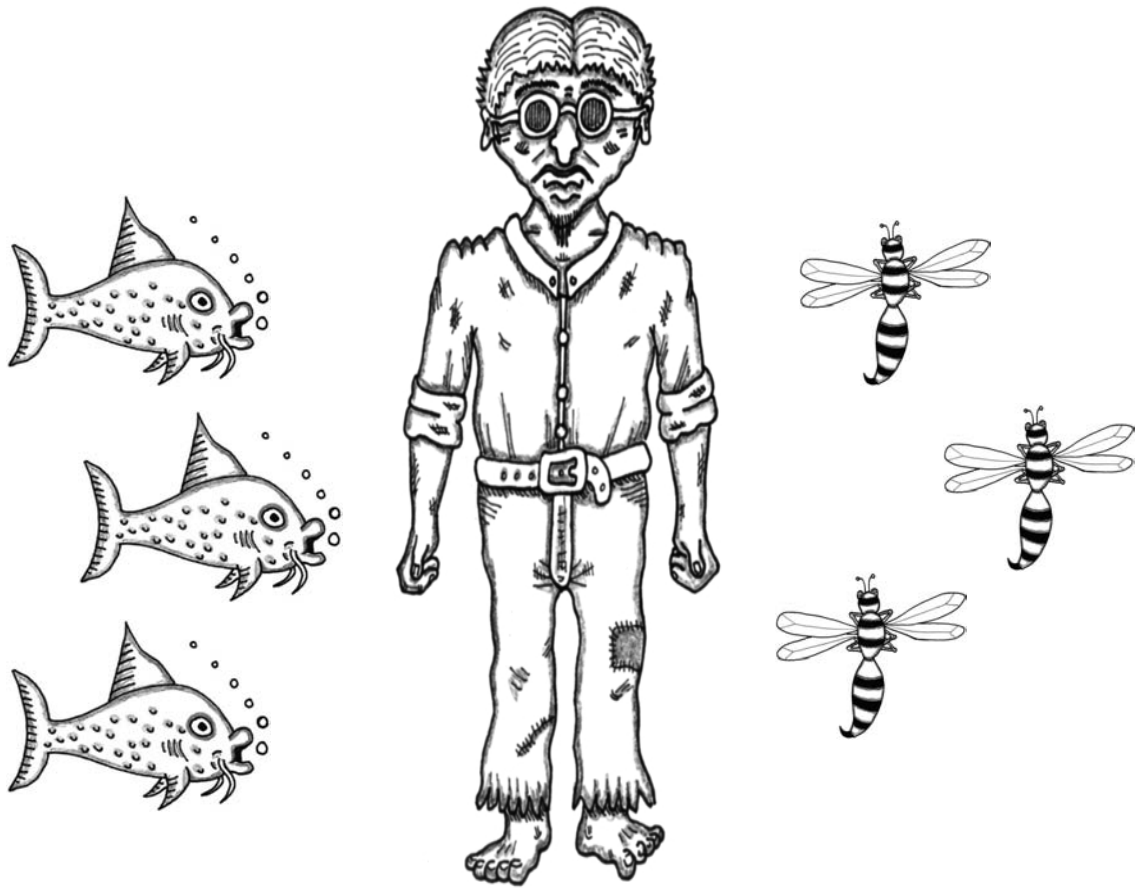
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Credits

By Mark Thornton

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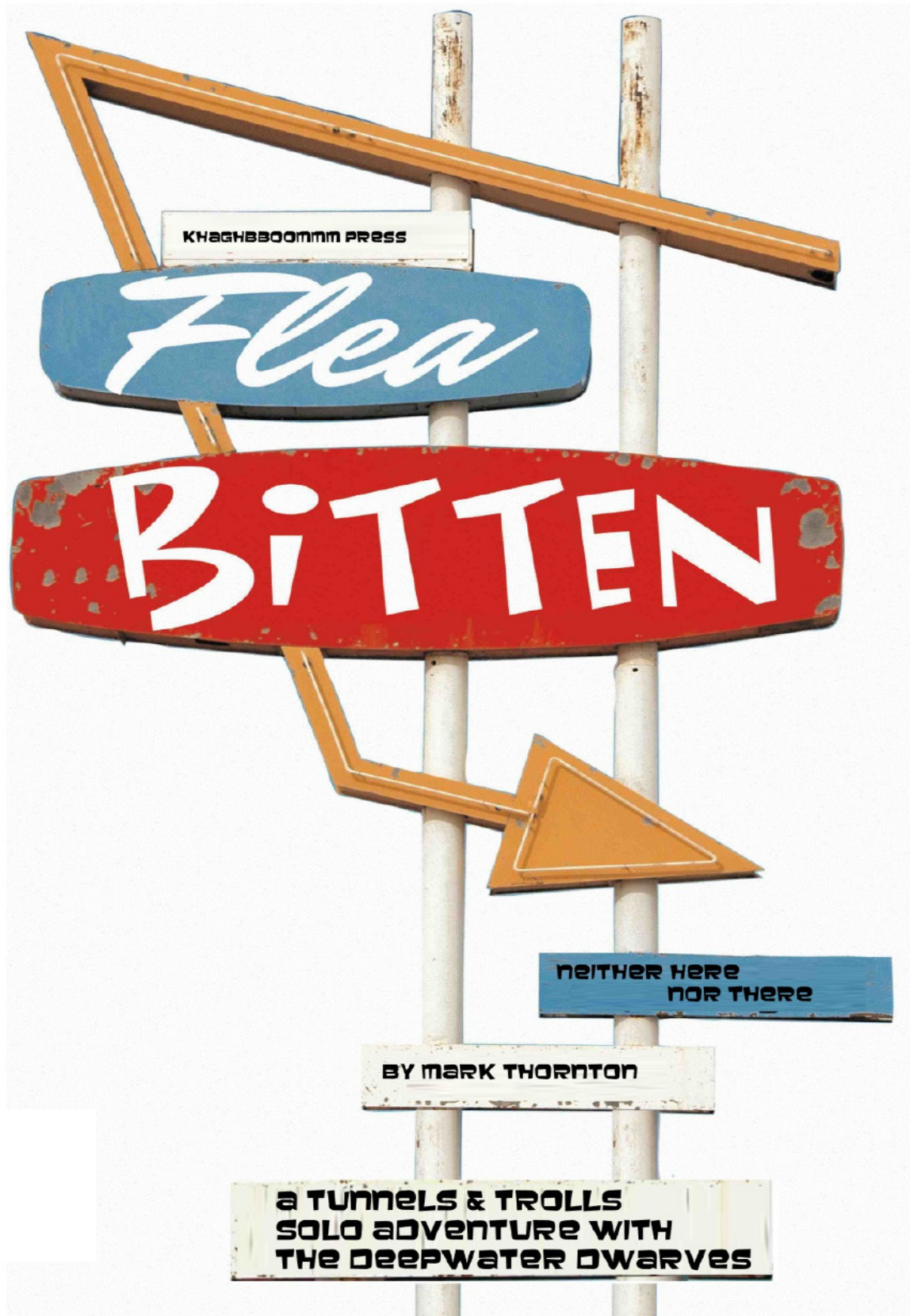


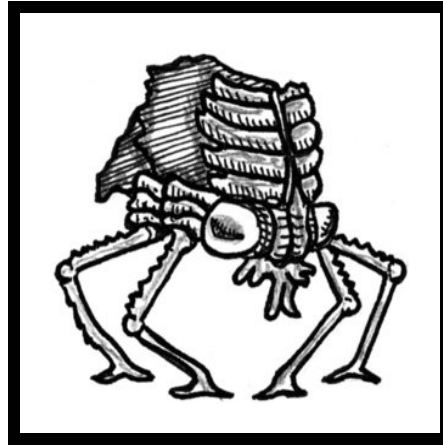
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Preamble in the Park

Fleabitten: Neither Here Nor There is a solitaire adventure for Tunnels & Trolls by Mark Thornton (Khaghbboommm) based on the ever wonderful, ever improving game by the ever wonderful, ever improving Ken St. Andre. Tunnels & Trolls is published and copyrighted by Flying Buffalo Inc and thanks is given to them and to Ken.

It is intended for use with the version 7.5 rules set. But if you want to convert it to 5.5, just substitute DEX for SPD and LK for WIZ for saving. If you multiply APs by 100 you'll pretty much be back where they were. I should think that one fine day you should be able to play these solos to *deluxe Tunnels and Trolls* rules without breaking stride.

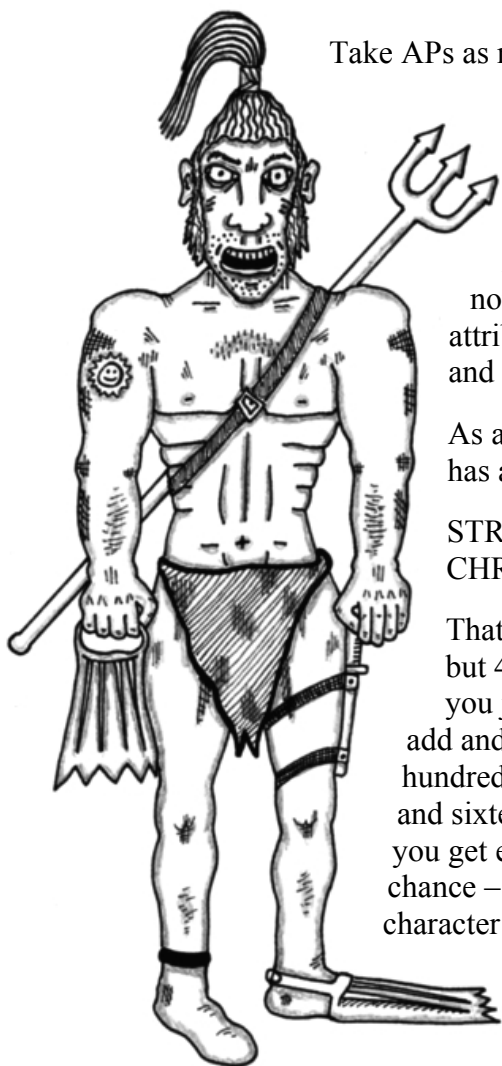
This adventure is likely to make short work of characters prone to recklessness but there is a clue as to how to approach it. It is in code and here it comes:

*ereht si a eulc ni eht eltit - gnieb nettib yb
saelf si ton syawla dab -
ereht si a nup ot kniht no dna fi uoy era
suoisuac ouy dluohs evivrus.*

Not a hard code to crack but you don't have to do so.

Khaghbboommm 'Many Ways To Die'

I have not written anything to cater for spell casting. I think magic should work underwater and if you want to use it, you'll have to do the best you can GM'ing the solo. Not a big problem and I'm sure you would be tough on yourself.



Take APs as normal for saving rolls (level times dice roll) and if you survive any threatening encounter you may claim APs to the value of the MR or the total of the NPCs attributes or 50 if the first two aren't given.

As this game is set underwater, your attributes are not what they are on land. You can roll 3d6 for any attribute in the tens, 4d6 for any attribute in the twenties and so on – no kindred modifiers.

As an example, Ponytail Tim, the slippery human rogue, has attributes as follows:

STR: 20, WIZ: 14, INT: 13, LK: 26, CON: 12, DEX: 21, CHR: 20, SPD: 13.

That means he rolls 3d6 for WIZ, INT, CON and SPD but 4d6 for the other ones. You should apply QARO – if you just happen to roll four numbers the same you can add and roll again. That's a one in one thousand two hundred and ninety six divided by six = one in two hundred and sixteen chance so don't build your hopes on it. Ah but you get eight throws so that's down to a one in twenty seven chance – not so unsporting and there's a prize for the first character who survives *Fleabitten: Neither Here Nor There* and was genuinely rolled up with a QARO – all you have to do is email me, Khaghbboommm at mark.findlayrd@gmail.com. How's that for an incentive to keep going despite the death toll this,

like all solos, will surely reap.

If you just keep getting struck from the list of the living, make up a character with all attributes between 16 and 23 –that should be a winning formula, I reckon. Don't take the easy path to early in the piece though or you won't get the benefit of personal growth ☺

Games Master Option

At the end you will find descriptions of the Non-Player Characters and monsters. You don't need a map. It will be like stealing candy from a blind and armless goblin to run a GM game.

House Rules

Wizard PCs get only 50% of combat adds when fighting with physical weapons – they just don't have the combat skills of rogues or warriors.

Warrior characters get an extra advantage. Instead the one extra combat add per level (as specified in the rules), they roll one extra combat die per level for their main weapon (well, that one becomes a rule in *dT&T*).

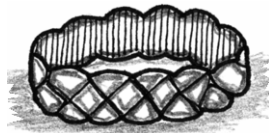
Oh, and I like to spell it *khremm*...

Introduction

How did you get *here*? It may well be a long story but we'll cut to the chase (no saving roll on SPD necessary yet).

After a barrel full of adventuring, you needed a holiday so you set out on a stout vessel for a cruise along the southern coast of Khaghtch'an, the Kraken continent, hoping to see hitherto undocumented kindred's and uncharted islands. The captain, a redoubtable old sea dog, going by the name of Zkhurvay, did not, so it proves, know the lay of the waters he cruised in and struck a very large rock troll, basking in the summer sunshine on the back of a giant turtle. The captain liked to drink Kraken rum by the gallon, you had noticed.

Well, the ship went down and the last you saw of Zkhurvay he was aboard a life boat with a motley assortment of villains. So much for them. You floundered your way to a tiny desert island with just one palm tree for company. The palm tree so enjoyed your company that, after you had told it 1,001 bedtime stories, the dryad inhabiting the trunk slipped you a ring of underwater breathing and begged you to make your way homewards rather than get on to story #1,002.

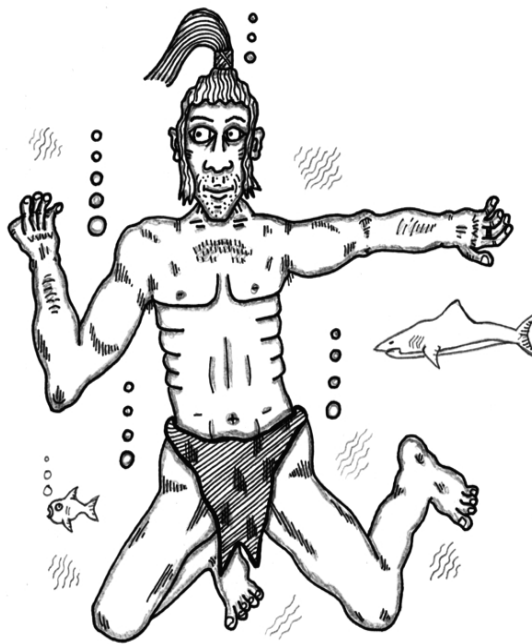


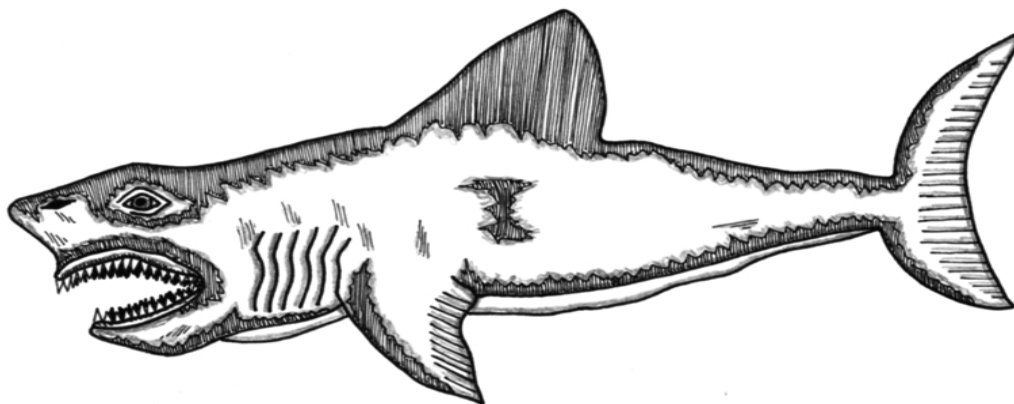
Finding home from *here* has proven to be none too easy... but being underwater at least gives you more marks to guide your way than the vast, featureless expanse of ocean affords. For the avoidance of what little doubt there may be, **no** – you do not have your possessions, not even the shirt on your back as the rags disintegrated when you tried to wash them.

Khaghbboommm 'Many Ways To Die'

Your adventure begins at **1** below.

- **1** - You float just above the seabed, uncertain what you should do. Ahead you see a rocky formation with a narrow opening – a crevice in the basalt face heading upwards towards the surface and the world you came from. There is no going up to this world for you now. Go to **2**.
- **2** - It occurs to you that there are likely to be sharks – or worse! – out *here* looking for prey just like you. Your shape is not made to be fast underwater and you still have much to learn about manoeuvring in this milieu. You can stay *here* to see what happens next (go to **5**) or you can make for the *potential* safety of the crack in the rock wall ahead (go to **4**).
- **3** - The triton flexes his muscles and gives you a fishy grin – he relishes combat. His trident is magic and gets 10d6 plus 20. He gets 6d6 for all attributes bar INT for which he gets just 3d6. You can treat him as having an MR of 40 if you prefer. Good luck!
- **4** - Your fears were well founded! Sure enough, a shark soon hoves into view and sets its sights on...you! At least it's only 3 metres long. **Choice One** – get ready to give battle and show the beastie who's boss of the ocean depths now (go to **8**); **Choice Two** - you can skedaddle for the crevice (go to **6**).
- **5** – A dark shape appears out of the gloom and edges nearer, weigh you up carefully since you are something new on the menu. It is, *quelle surprise*, as they say in places such as Luxembourg, a shark but not a monster...you can make like Sir Robin in the Holy Grrraal (go to **6**) or get ready to sock the sucker (go to **8**).
- **6** - You left that a little late, my friend! Make a L1 SR on SPD. Hope you can do that 'cos the shark sure can get up to L3 pace very quickly! If you make the roll go to **9**; if you don't then go to **7**.
- **7** - The shark closes its super-tensioned jaws about your (roll 1d6 here: 1-waist, 2-head, 3-6- an arm or a leg, you choose). It doesn't let go. Much blood flows. *Yours*. Death follows quickly.

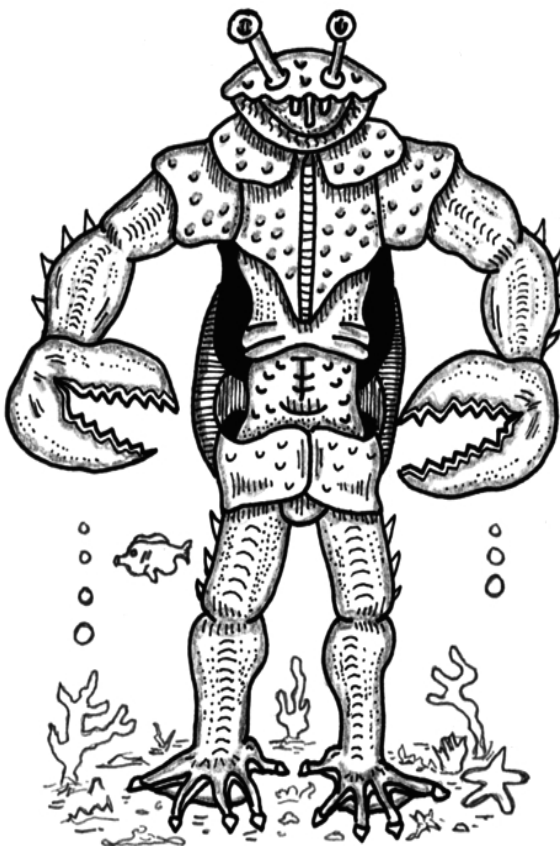




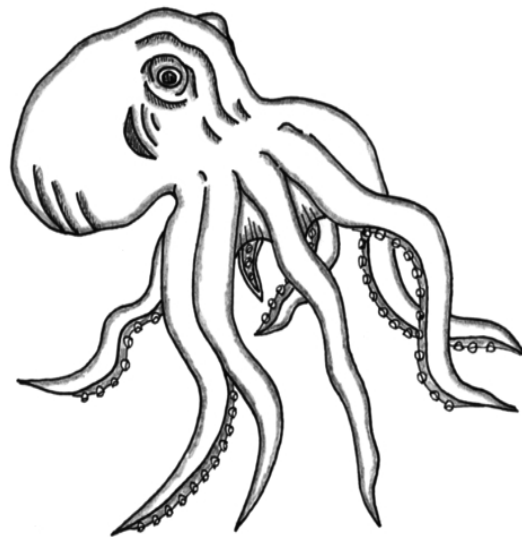
A NEW FRIEND OF YOURS...

- **8** - You get 1d6 plus your combat adds (which were modified for underwater, as you well know); the fin-powered eating-machine gets a whopping 10d6 plus 50. I guess we're not seeing you in these parts tomorrow. Or in any parts, no matter how small because the shark is a good eater.
- **9** - Just in time, you swim inside the rocky orifice (maybe at your leisure or maybe sweating profusely as you sought to get off something's menu) and you see two passages you could take. One looks dark and foreboding, the other...well, it's actually jolly nice, lit with glowstones. This latter turns out to be a cave filled with treasure - conveniently sized, well cut gems with a likely market value in five figures. Such riches are - obviously - guarded. In this case, by a mean looking triton with, of course, a sparkly, pokey trident. Make your mind up time: sneak off into the forbidding dark (go to **11**) or muscle up to the triton and try for the swag (go to **3**).
- **10** - Passing through the portal - useless crab-man so-called guard! - you find yourself in what appears to be the bedchamber of a very wealthy woman, judging by the soft, pastel fabrics and rows of gowns. The four poster bed has an occupant - a woman with long lustrous hair, singing sweetly and softly with her bare back facing you. You can either approach her (go to **12**) or dive for cover under her bed (go to **15**).
- **11** - The water washes away the buckets of perspiration you emit as you creep forwards into the gloom. Suddenly...the lights go on! A crab-man clicks his claws at you with a menacing sneer on his lips. He stands before a portal draped in fluorescent seaweed. You can either meet him head on (go to **13**) or attempt to draw him away from the portal and sneak past him so that you can step through it into who knows what (go to **14**) - what do you prefer as a possible final choice in this lifetime?

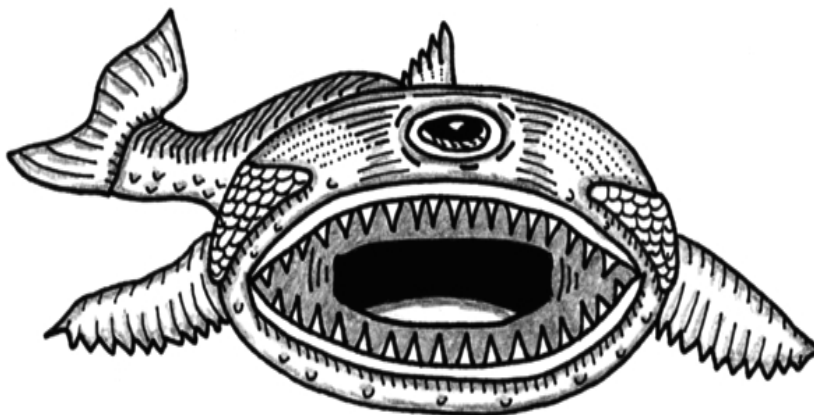
- **12** - She turns as you approach and the singing increases in intensity and pitch, penetrating to the depths of your soul. The siren beckons you to her – she gets 10d6 for WIZ, INT, LK and CHR (just 1d6 for everything else). If her *Come To Me* spell grips you (it works just as an *Oh Go Away* works but draws to the target to the caster, with the victim in a stupor) you are forever hers, lost to yourself and your family. If it somehow fails, you eventually find a means of escape under her bed (go to **16**). Oh, let's be generous, let's! Maybe she will get bored with you but think you gave good service. If you can make L1 SRs on all three of CHR, STR and CON you can go to the ball, Cinderella! I hope you do have a ball at **16** if you crawl under her bed...
- **13** - The crab-man gets 7d6 for all attributes apart from INT for which he gets just 2d6. His shell takes 20 hits, including magical assaults, and his two razor claws get 8d6 each. He doesn't take prisoners and is a very hungry omnivore...
- **14** - You can rely on your wits (INT), a quick dash for safety (SPD) or a mazy run, stepping lightly out of the way of those death-dealing claws (DEX). For success, you need a L1 SR on INT or DEX but a L2 SR if you choose to rely on SPD. Failure spells extermination while success sends you to **10**.
- **15** - You would hope that she's not a medusa without the snaky hair wouldn't you? That wouldn't be cricket. We shall play by gentlemen's rules then, if you insist. She is not a gorgon but a siren. How comforting. Will your luck hold? Make a L1 saving roll on that very attribute. Make it and you dive under her grasp as she hears you at last. She's too shocked that some cad would trespass in her boudoir to begin her lullaby. Fail and she tumbles your game at your first footfall (go to **12**). Whereas, if you were successfully you find not a chamber pot but an escape hatch under her bed. Taking it like a good 'un, you open it up and begin abseiling down the rubbery rope you find within - go to **17**.



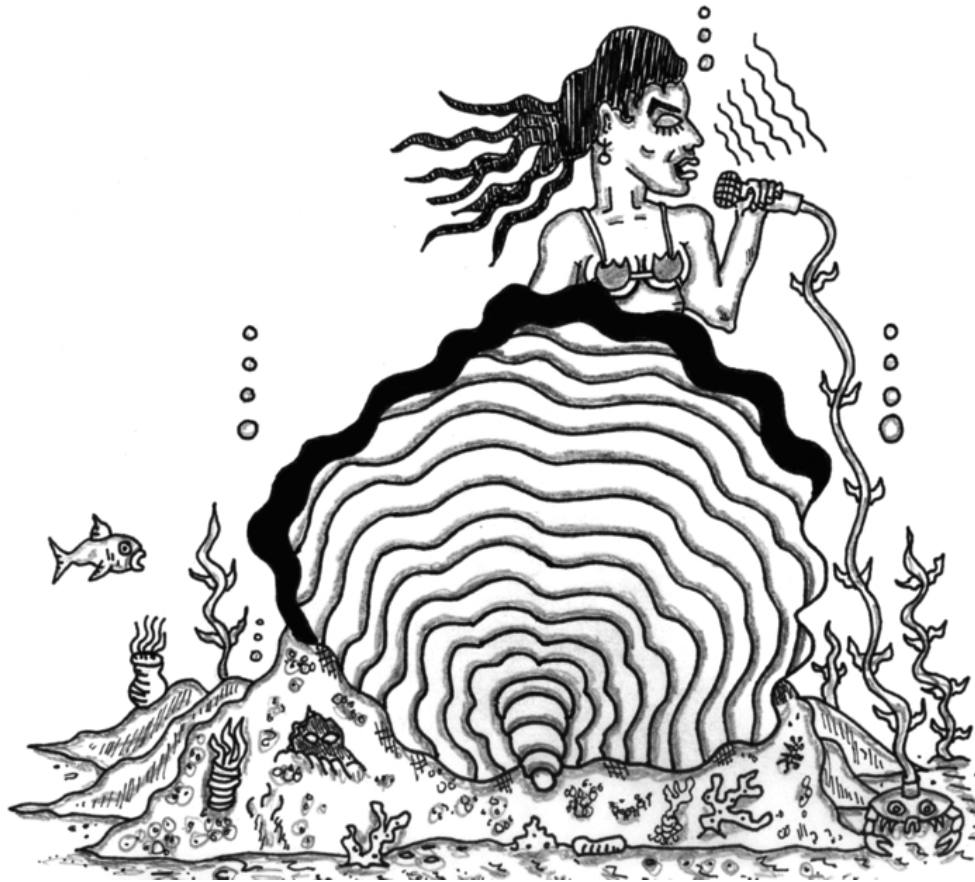
- **16** – Not a sight to warm the cockles of the hearts of the brave seated by their roaring fire swilling mead in the drafty halls of *Trollhalla* but it was just what the doctor ordered as far as you're concerned. You find a trap door and scuttle through, down a rubbery rope to...go to **17** to find out what lurks below.
- **17** – The rubbery rope leads to two large, baleful eyes, staring unblinkingly at you. Hungrily perhaps? How much tucker gets down here anyway, past the crab-man and the siren? This thing is probably famished! If you had time to count them, you would almost certainly find another seven rubbery ropes. As you ponder, your hands feel a metal ring on the tentacle you have used (without permission, I might add) to make your descent with. It fairly throbs with magic too. Tempting?!? Go to **18**.
- **18** – If you would like to try to prize the ring from its proud possessor go to **20**; if you would like to drop down further towards those yellow eyes which you notice have just started flashing the word '*here*' in neon blue then go to **21**.
- **19** – By now you may be wondering what's going on? If this is your first character that has been 'Fleabitten' you shouldn't be worrying – it's all going swimmingly. If you lost a few in action but you're this far with your current 'guinea pig', well, you must be doing something right for a change (you have surely given up banging your head against that very solid and particular brick wall, namely that it's possible to fight your way through this ordeal). No buckles to be swashed here please. Stick that in your pipe and smoke it on your way to **22**.
- **20** – The giant octopus has an MR sufficient to get it 31d6 plus 150 adds (that's 300 in case you're asleep) – it thinks you look cute in a 'tasty' sort of way (well, we all have slightly different definitions for the same word). It feels happy that you came and sets about prepping you.
- **21** – Make a L1 SR on LK. If you fail, it was just your fervid imagination and you slip smoothly down the big seacat's gullet'. If you just got lucky, a helping hand extends from each eye and pulls you through the magic octopus' fontanel (strangely, it just never closed up – even more strange that a cetacean should have one at all, if my marine biology isn't completely lacking) – and you may go to **19**.



- **22** - OK, you want a chance to hang tough and play rough? Here's your opportunity. The helping hands and the '**here**' sign have taken you onto the floor of a giant clam. At the centre, poised gracelessly on a large, pearl, is the Mother of Pearl (who is a singer, by the way). She starts mouthing off at you immediately, bragging that she will whup your scrawny butt black and blue and then some until you beg for mercy and cry for your mommie. Then she sticks her tongue out and her fingers in her ears and waggles them at you. She has an outrageous French accent and tells you that she already has met the 'Holy' Grrraaal and you don't cut the mustard compared to him. All in all you probably feel like taking her down a peg or twelve. Make a L1 SR on CHR. If you fail, boy are you hopping mad. Go to **23**.
- **23** - If you failed the roll, you have the red mist before your eyes and you charge, head down (go to **25**); if you made it, you can choose of your own freewill to stuff her Gallic tonsils in a place well suited for posterity (go to **25**) or you can suck it up, clam up and flee this shell(acking) (go to **26**).



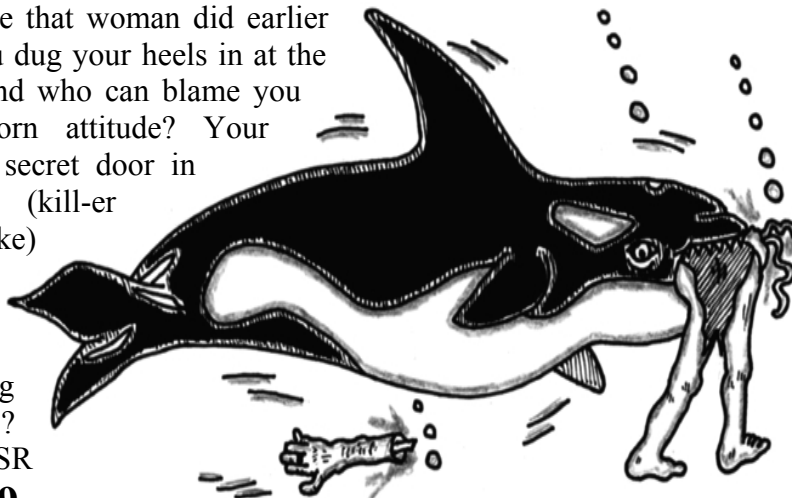
- **24** - There's a dark shape looming over you and it's getting bigger – this bigger-ness is happening very quickly. Want to paddle the heck outta **here**? You got it, buster! Make the best saving roll you can on SPD (whatever level you made, multiply the dice roll by that for your APs – they may be all you get down **here**). Now go to **27**.
- **25** - As you rush the rampant rubbisher of your reputation, she stamps on the pearl and Pearl springs to her defense. Pearl is made of pearl and can take 50 hits (25 magical); her voice is ear-splitting and each round you fight her (oh yes, she gets 2d6 and 2 adds more than you do) you must make a saving roll on CON (start at 1 and go progressively higher) or your ears split and your brains ooze out.



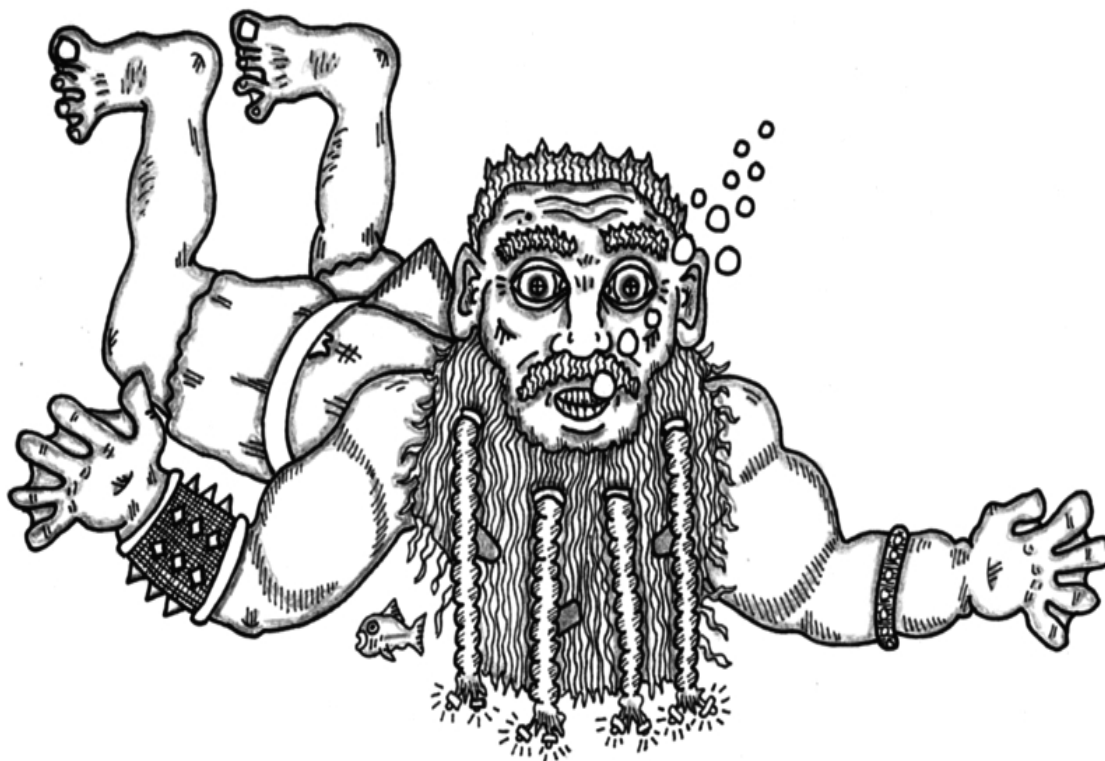
Pearl (A Singer)

- **26** - It was safe on the oyster shell compared with out...*here*...out in the open...Apart from the predictable giant sea life that craves your death, there are as many humanoid life forms hidden from the Trollworld sun as there are basking in its delights up above – and these underwater kindred's were born and live closer to the planet's khremmatic core. Mull that over as you soak in the salt water, pores agape, and plod onwards to **24**.
- **27** - Oh no! The shape moved more quickly than you did. Not fair? Surely you jest? It lives *here* and is an orca what's more – ok, to be pedantic it's a giant orca. Its mouth opens gapingly (useful to the orca, unfortunate for you) and it gobbles you up. Ever been gobbled up before? Well, you have now. Make a L1 SR on STR and go to **28**.

- **28** - If you failed that roll, your head rolls just like the dice did – badly. The orca's teeth separate your neck from its rightful place atop your torso. I doubt you felt much, by way of consolation. If you made the roll, well happy daze! The unflossed teeth miss you and you have the muscle to flop the tongue aside before it can get Gallic like that woman did earlier on in the piece. You dug your heels in at the back of its throat and who can blame you for such a stubborn attitude? Your fumbling detects a secret door in the killer whale's (kill-er anything, more like) windpipe – can you open it before you get sucked down into a heaving pit of stomach acids? Maybe. Try a L1 SR on DEX and go to **29**.



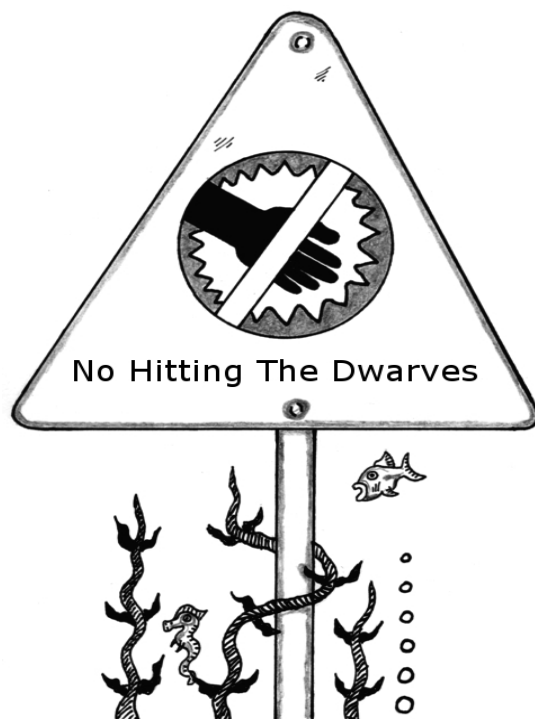
- **29** - If you failed the roll, you plunge into a spa bath of frothing gastric juices and...well, dissolve, I suppose. If you were sprightly enough to pry the door open and tumble through, you find yourself at the feet of a dwarf. Go to **30**.
- **30** - 'My name is Kelp Wavesurf,' the dwarf says by way of greeting. 'And who might you be that intrudes in our ocean fortress?' You could just attack Kelp on sight - not really what the text books advise but if you insist go to **32**. Perhaps it would be better to tell him your name and state your business with a fair degree of respect laced with a dash of humility. If this is your shot selection, off you go to **33**.
- **31** - First off the bat, Kelp has a sturdy fin jutting from his back and, next, you see he has large, webbed feet. There is webbing between his sausage-like fingers and his beard (a full and fine specimen) consists of ribbon-like strands knotted with beads which, when you pluck up the courage to ask, he explains contain enough oxygen for a dwarf to spend several hours underwater before needing to eat either flotsam or jetsam to replenish the gas supply to the beard beads. All in all, an interesting and impressive kindred. Just as you begin to mouth your next question, an underwater bell sounds (this, too, has a strange acoustic resonance in the h2o). 'Duty calls,' Kelp declares cheerfully. 'You might as well come with me. Stick to my side and I'll see you come to no harm.' There is, of course, no written guarantee to that effect but, as he pulls you sharply, you have little (translation: **no**) choice in the matter. Go to **34**.



KELP'S BEARD – A SANCTUARY FOR MUCH MICROSCOPIC MARINE LIFE

- **32** - Kelp Wavesurf gets 4d6 for all tributes and as a water-dwarf (as opposed to the rock or earth varieties you have probably encountered up top) he gets modifiers of x 4 for STR and CON. He possesses a finely crafted silver sigil that acts as a 100-strong khremm shield - so think twice about casting magic at him. His SPD gets a x2 modifier. He fights with Spiked Power Gauntlets, with brain-numbing poison on barbs of these gauntlets: they gets 4d6 each (you will have to work out his combat adds) and if hurt you need to make progressively higher saving rolls on INT each round to avoid being, in effect, 'switched off', the rounds being limited to the roll of 2d6. I'm assuming Kelp eliminates you *here* so that's all I wrote...
- **33** - The dwarf grunts in acknowledgement of your plight. Good job he speaks Common (do we have an insight as the origin of his branch of the dwarf clan?) although it is with a certain...*bubbliness*. 'You'll have to work your passage,' he bubbles. As you feel behind you uncertainly, he adds 'No, I mean there are no free lunches *here*.' If you don't like the idea of your passage being worked you could attack him (go to **32**); if you will grin and bear it (I was careful with the spelling) go to **35**.

- **34** - Outside 'Fortress Orca', aka *here*, the waters are running red with blood – tuna blood. 'That was my dinner!' bubbles Kelp furiously as he jabs a meaty index finger in the direction of two tritons carving up the monster tuna. He swims into battle. You can follow him (go to **38**), hang back (go to **36**) or move round to attack the tritons from the rear (go to **37**).
- **35** - Kelp explains that *here* is the inside of the giant orca. Dwarven magic has given it a *Tardis*-like quality so it is even bigger inside than the spectacularly large outside would suggest. The dwarves have, over time, developed salves and behaviours to keep both them and their host alive and well *here*. As you listen attentively, much to Kelp's approval as like all dwarves he loves to hold court, you take in the obvious differences between these Deepwater Dwarves and their air-breathing cousins. Go to **31**.



WARNING SIGN OUTSIDE FORTRESS ORCA

- **36** - Make a L1 SR on LK. If you fail, you are separated from Kelp by one of the tritons (the other one draws him off to one side). The triton smirks and goes for the throat – yours! His trident is magic and gets 10d6 plus 20. He gets 6d6 for all attributes bar INT for which he gets just 3d6 (MR 40 if you want to simplify things). Kelp has his hands full and can't help you this time – you ignored his instructions at your peril and probable demise. If you succeed with the saving roll, Kelp sees their move and refuses to be lead astray (or away, for that matter). Go to **38**.

- **37** - Make a L1 SR on INT. If you fail, your ruse does not work and a triton homes in on you as its sole target for destruction. Go to **36** but ignore the first sentence calling for the LK SR as you do get attacked one on one by a triton. If you make it, you see that the tritons are too smart and you wise up and hang on to Kelp's coat-tails – go to **38**.
- **38** - As you follow him, the tritons engage him in brutal combat. You will need to make DEX saving rolls to keep out of harm's way. If you fail you take the amount you missed by directly from CON. Better hope Kelp can conquer them quickly. Go to **39**.
- **39** - Roll 1d6. That is the number of rounds it takes Kelp to win. For the first two thirds of these rounds you must attempt the DEX SR at L1 (once Kelp has evened up the fight you are out of the firing line). If you survive, lick any wounds you may have and go to **40**.
- **40** - 'Phew! That was a good work out!' Kelp burbles. 'Are you hurt? Let me take a look.' If you were injured, Kelp will take you to see the dwarf doctor soon enough; if you emerged unscathed he will show you *here* now. Either way, go to **41**.
- **41** - This time you enter *here* via the gills on the port side, a refreshment Kelp says he is rather partial to, relishing shipwrecks that give up such liquid treasures. Passing through a marbled corridor, veined with silver, you emerge into the central atrium, a meeting place for dwarves and guests. *Here* Kelp hands you over to an official, eager to 'process' you – make a saving on CHR. The higher the better, in fact write down the level you made even if is just a zero for avoiding a critical fumble. If that (the CF) is what the dice decree though, roll 1d6 and write that down as a negative. Now go to **42**.
- **42** - The clerk's name is Coral Clamsucker, as she is pleased to tell you, suggesting that you might care to memorise it. She asks you if you would like to see the doctor (go to **44**), join a PT drill (go to **52**) or insist upon an audience with the king, Berthold Barnacles. This, Coral hints, might be unwise but if you feel like pressing your point go to **45**.

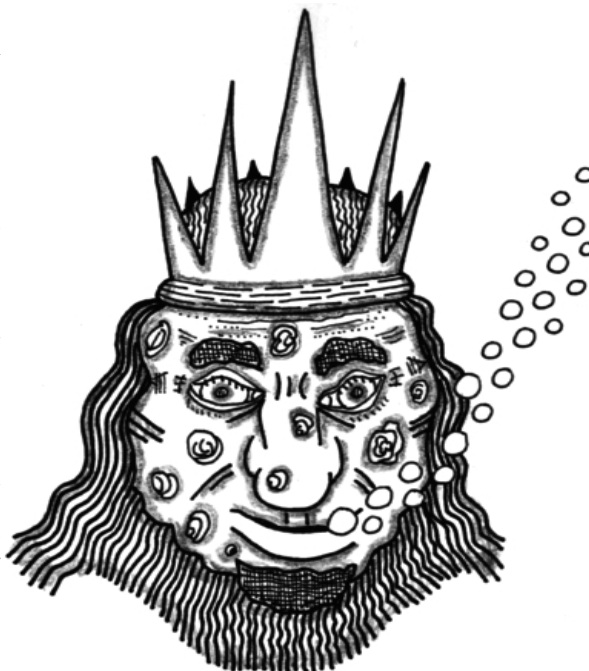


A CLOSE-UP OF CORAL'S COMPLEXION

- **43** - Stepping back outside into the atrium, the clerical dwarves look at you incredulously. 'You're going like that? On your own head be it!' And it probably will be – if your head stays on your shoulders. Go to **49** to meet the commander of an expedition you have somewhat randomly been assigned to.
- **44** - The dwarf doctor feels you all over and gets you to stick your tongue out. Then she applies a soothing balm to your entire body. She is thorough but her rough hands have you begging for mercy. Your CON, however, is restored to the tune of 1d6 plus the level of the CHR saving roll you made in the atrium. Putting your clothes back on, you head there again to make another choice – go to **42**.
- **45** - King Barnacles does not look pleased when you are brought into his presence. A short, squat dwarf with a particularly pronounced dorsal fin, he is bent over a chart. 'New blood, huh?' he bellows, the words traveling to you in large bubbles that pop by your ears. 'Slit his wrist and let's see what he's made of!' Good grief, is he serious? You betcha he is! Make a L1 SR on STR and go to **46**.

KING BARNACLES, A MERRY OLD SOUL

- **46** - If you failed the saving roll, King Barnacles froths more bubbles with words too colourful for me to repeat to you tender ears, dear reader. You are frog-marched out to the atrium and lose another 1d6 CON for blood loss and contaminated-blade poisoning (you don't want to know what else they have used that knife for.) If you live go to **42** and make another choice but if you have already seen the doctor she won't see you again. If you made the STR saving roll go to **47**.
- **47** - There is a trace of cerulean in your blood and the king takes such omens pretentiously and not a little tautologically. 'This creature – sorry but I don't know what else to call you!' he says, shrugging, 'is to join the great expedition to find the Silver Server. The Server has been lost for countless decades but I am fixed on marking the period of the Barnacles monarchy as that when the Server returned to *here* from *there*. Take this creature, my minions, and prepare it for the quest to set the seas aright!' Dumbfounded, you are escorted with gruff civility to the armoury for your fitting out session. Go to **48**.
- **48** - The armourer is a dwarf with an eye-patch and a sea-parrot on his shoulder. He also wears a monocle and what is obviously a pretty poor attempt at a toupee. A sign above his head is written in Dwarven (not the land dialect) so you can't make head nor tail of it. Doesn't much matter as he tells you his name is Sandy Saltlick and he will kit you out for this epic adventure to locate the Silvery One. If you think you do not need anything from Saltlick go to **43**; otherwise, it's off to **50** for you.
- **49** - Candy knocks apprehensively on a bright red door. 'He can be a cantankerous old coot so mind your peas and carrots,' she chides. A sea bass voice booms out 'Enter, ye who abandon hope!' 'Ah,' Candy breathes more easily, 'he's in a good mood today!' She pushes the door open and sitting in an over-stuffed seahorse-hair armchair, having gleaming web-boots fitted by two doting dwarflettes is the commander of this mission into the unknown, Fustingbritches. The commander peers at you and beckons you to him – go to **53**.





THE EXPEDITION LEADER, FUSTINBRITCHES

- **50** - Sandy measures you up and reckons you're a skinny one and unusually long. He gets his hammer and tongs out and makes you a few special items: a dorsal fin, complete with harness, rubber web-feet, a snug-fitting suit of sharkskin armour and harpoon gun with a revolving carbine containing four harpoons. To top it off, he gives you a narwhal horn dagger. Pleased with his work, he hands you back to the tender care of Candy who tells you all about your new wardrobe. Go to **51**.
- **51** - 'Listen carefully now – the fin and the web-feet will make you faster and more nimble (roll 1d6 and add in the level of that CHR saving roll – this is how much better your underwater SPD and DEX will now be); the sharkskin might save your carcass from a carve-up (roll 1d6 and add in the level of that CHR saving roll – that is how many hits it will take); those weapons will allow you to pull your weight - not that there's much for gravity to work with in your case, flower (using the CHR saving roll again to add in, roll 2d6 for the harpoons and 1d6 for the dagger – this will give you the adds for these 2d6 weapons). By the way, you don't get combat adds for missile weapons such as the harpoons *here* underwater. Now you're one of us so you'd better pay attention to how we do things round *here* and start acting the part.' With that she takes you to your team leader for this underwater odyssey – go to **49**.

- **52** - The drill instructor is a dwarf who goes by the name of Sgt. Pilchard. Pilchard harrumphs loudly when he claps eyes on you. 'You'll be *here* today, gone tomorrow unless you shape up!' He would have you strip down to your daks but you're already naked! He makes you do push ups until you wish it was with daisies, chin ups and sits ups 'til you definitely feel down not up and squat thrusts until you have thigh burn. Attempt a STR saving roll for each of the four exercises – each one you make means you can add 1 to your STR and CON permanently. He's not impressed but can see you tried. 'Off you go, shrimp, and try to stay clear of prawn cocktails!' He thinks that crack was very funny – you may not agree. Anyhow, you are taken to the armoury now – go to **48** unless you have already been *there*, in which case go to **49**.
- **53** - 'So! You're the curious fish the wee laddies caught today, are ye?' He seems to expect an answer so you supply one. If you admit to the truth of the matter go to **56**; if you disclaim all association with this 'catch' Fustingbritches refers to go to **55**.
- **54** - Make a L1 saving roll on CHR. Now go to **58**.
- **55** - 'Pity!' he fumes, 'Damn shame! In that case, we had better feed you to the fishies.' Candy explains that this form of sacrifice is preferred down *here* to grander offerings to deities because the little fishies are less capricious in their favours and their punishments. You can beg Fustingbritches' pardon and say that the answer that slipped out must have been caused by you be entirely overawed by his magnificent person (go to **54**) or accept your fate like a gherkin (go to **57**).
- **56** - 'Let's see if we should take you on our top secret mission to find the Silver Server...damn! Shouldn't have let that slip out – forget I ever said anything about the Server. Now – where was I? Ah, yes, to be or not to be, that is the question, whether it is nobler in...' He witters on about slings and arrows of outrageous fortune or some such tosh but you gather that it comes down to him flipping a coin to see if you go on this not-so-secret secret mission or get fed to the little fishies. You can make a L1 saving roll on either LK or CHR, your choice. Now go to **58** and find out what the spinning-metal-disc god decrees.
- **57** - You are taken away and laid down on a wire mesh bed. It is quite firm and surprisingly comfortable. What isn't so comfortable is the 5 ton slab that is lowered unerringly (that means you have no chance to get out of this one, turkey!) which dices and cubes you (either variety is to the taste of the afore-mentioned little fishies) – game, set and match your propensity for dumb decisions.

- **58** - Did you fail that saving roll? Lucky little fishies! Go to **57**. Perhaps you pulled the fat out of the fire and placed it carefully with the cat you pulled out of the bag and the rabbit you took from the hat (they make a nice set). If so, Fustingbritches forgets his temporary feeling of benevolence towards the little fishies and turns a deaf ear to you frippery. Go to **59**.
- **59** - 'Ye'll be me right-hand leg then! Shiver me timbers if you won't! Come up along there landlubber! I'll introduce you to the rest of me merry mob of mutinous mavericks!' You might think about asking him why he would take mutinous mavericks on such an important mission but – trust me – best not to. You'd only learn that these are the dwarves that King Barnacles deems 'expendable'. Go to **60** and meet the rest of the crew.
- **60** - There're four other dwarves in the crew. None of them look...normal. You, dear reader, get to roll them up now using the modifiers given. First comes a dwarf with a top hat, a handlebar moustache and bright yellow dungarees. His name is Filthy Rik Dangerous and he clearly thinks he is someone very important. Filthy Rik gets 4d6 for each attribute and STR and CON are doubled, CHR is x 1.5, while LK and DEX are halved. Go to **61** and meet your next mucker.

RIK DANGEROUS, PRESUMABLY AFTER BEING HIT BY HIS BROTHER



- **61** - Next to shake hands with you is Rik's brother, Sir Adrian Dangerous, who makes an immediate mark on you by breaking your nose with a straight right, followed by a left uppercut to your jaw which also breaks. 'He likes you! He likes you! Nice one, Adey!' chants Rik. An assistant smears you with goop which mends your bones and restores your CON to full but would clearly make you a likely target for any colony of soldier ants in your vicinity. Sir Adrian beams at you now. He gets 4d6, as they all do for all attributes, but for him STR and CON are multiplied by 5 and WIZ, INT and CHR are just one third of whatever you roll. You can decide if you round up or down or sideways. Now go to **62** for the next introduction.

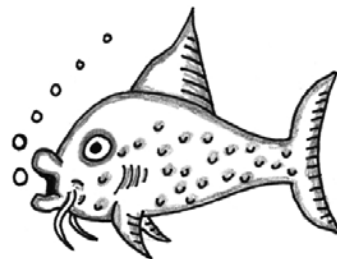
SIR ADRIAN, BEING DANGEROUS



- **62** - The third member of the chain gang (well, they were press-ganged into service) is Piney Al, a droopy, gangly dwarf with long, lank hair and a beard to match. 'Hello,' he waves with a gormless grin. 'Have you got any lentils, man?' You haven't and he sighs exhaustedly and starts chanting 'Ommm' under his breath. Big Al gets modifiers of x 2 for WIZ, x half for CHR and LK. There's just one more member of this troop to meet – go to **63**.
- **63** - Your final battle-buddy is a short fellow in a snazzy waistcoat and neatly pressed slacks. 'Meet Boring Mike; Candy says, stepping out of his was smartly as he tries to embrace her and spins the line 'Your place or mine, baby – you can dig and delve in my mine anytime, honey'. Boring Mike gets modifiers of x 1.5 for INT and LK and 3/4 for STR and CON. Candy departs this scene from a B movie sharpish. Fustingbritches takes control and addresses you all. Go to **64**.
- **64** - 'Now me hearties, I wants ye to do as I says and not as I do – ye ken?' You are probably not Ken, for there is but *One* – nonetheless, Fustingbritches expects you all to heed this decree. 'I have me a chart *here* that shows where the Server may be found but, by the Great Beard of Spittlephlegm, I can make head nor tail of how to get from *here* to *there*!' At least you now know that *there* is *where* you're headed. Go to **65**.
- **65** - You all pour over the map. It has several large mead stains on it and someone has been eating his flotsam and jetsam over it judging by its three dimensional quality. Fustingbritches asks you all for ideas about how to get *there*. Roll INT and CHR saving rolls for everyone including Fustingbritches. Add up the levels made (i.e. if you make a L1 SR on INT and L2 on CHR that's a grand total of three – not so hard, this higher mathematics stuff, eh?). Fustingbritches gets 4d6 for all attributes and his STR, LK and CON are all doubled. Go to **66**.
- **66** - Now who made the best fist of those saving rolls? If it was you, go to **68**; if it was not you, go to **67**. If there was a tie, you can choose.

- **67** - So either you had no worthwhile suggestion to make from your perusal of the map or you failed to convince – probably both. Fustingbritches rolls up his sleeves and marches his goon squad out of Fortress Orca and out into the foamy brine. Now is the time for you to test your new gear. Make a L1 SR on INT and on DEX. If you make them both, you may add 1d6 to your DEX permanently as a magical reward for your quickness on the uptake and adroitness in application. Now go to **69**.
- **68** - Rik protests in a babyish whine. 'Well, really! If you will listen to a Johnny-Come-Lately rather than a switched on, super-cool young turk like me, be it on your own head!' More like turkey, you think, as Fustingbritches makes a squeezing gesture to Sir Adrian and the latter obliges his leader by crunching Rik's tender parts with his mailed fist (Rik takes 1d6 damage). Ignoring his sobs, Fustingbritches sets off in the direction of *there*, as proposed by you. Go to **71**.
- **69** - The deepwater dwarves set off with you in tow with more optimism than likelihood of success – if they knew *where* to go to they wouldn't have need you, now would they? That thought dawns on you too...Sure enough, once again they run into the underwater invisible wall that bars their way to *there*, *where* the Server may be found and once again they start banging their heads against it. 'Come on, me buckos!' yells Fustingbritches. 'We can get through it this time!' Go to **70**.
- **70** - You are between a rock and a hard place. Will you obey the mad loon's orders or mutiny at the first engagement? If you join in the head banging go to **72**; if you hang back and watch this sorry spectacle go to **73**.
- **71** - You are out in the murky depths once more, a tiny speck in a vast expanse of danger, frankly. Time has come to test out your new equipment. Will you make good use of the web-feet and the fin? You must try for a L1 SR on both INT and DEX – if you make them both you get a heaven-sent 1d6 boost to DEX on a permanent basis, for you are like the proverbial fish out of water reversed...Now go to **74**.
- **72** - Ok...that's got to hurt...make a L2 SR on CON and take the difference as damage. This is hopeless...you and they will never get *there* this way. You really must come up with a route, even if it is just a stab in the dark. They all look at you expectantly. 'On no...that's really heavy, man,' says Piney Al, rubbing his sore head. 'Good luck with not leading us to total doom and disaster, man.' Wet your finger and feel the wind (hard underwater, I know) and go to **74**.

- **73** - 'Ye soft sissy!' exclaims Fustingbritches. 'Ye dare defy your Cap'n, do ye?' Clearly ye do...The hoary old Cap'n tells you to take over and give the honest, doughty dwarves a break. You can refuse some more (go to **75**) or man up to the king-sized headache that will surely come your way (go to **76**).
- **74** - May the Force be with you (and not the Farce, as is so often the case). Think of the compass...no think of eight points...pick one...away you go, leading your mates to oblivion and beyond, Make the best LK saving roll you can and record the level. Both the Force and the Farce are with you, interested spectators the two. You may add this to all LK saving rolls from now on until you reach dry land again (you may ignore wetlands). Now go to **77**.
- **75** - Fustingbritches is not a dwarf to be slapped in the chops twice by a subordinate. He orders the others to grab a limb each – which they do with obvious enthusiasm, even going so far as to cheer and party – and to pull with all their might. Make saving rolls on STR for each of them and total them up – this is the level of the CON saving roll you must make to stay in one piece (rather than five). If you make it go to **74**.
- **76** - Fustingbritches orders you to give the invisible wall six of the best – all with your head. Each time you must make a L2 SR on CON or take the difference in damage – ouch! This could well prove fatal. However, if you can survive three head bangs, Sir Adrian barges you out of the way because he doesn't see why you should have all the fun. He gets his way too. So, only three to grit your teeth and survive. If your skull is up to it go to **74**.
- **77** - The route you have taken is the scenic one. You pass through waving gardens of sea anemones, every colour of the artist's palette represented, with pretty little clown fish darting hither and thither. It's a pity that you need to go *there* rather than *thither* or you could simply follow the fish instead of leading these clowns. Piney Al is overcome by the beauty of this piscorial scene and breaks down in tears, causing Sir Adrian to whack him on the head with a croquet mallet he always brings with him (Piney takes 1d6 damage). Now go to **78**.
- **78** - Boring Mike asks the clown fish if they know any women (since they are always on his mind, not just Georgia, who remains elusive as far as Mike is concerned, sensible lass) but they just bubble back that he should ask the heavy dudes ahead. That doesn't sound good. Make a L3 SR on LK and go to **79**.



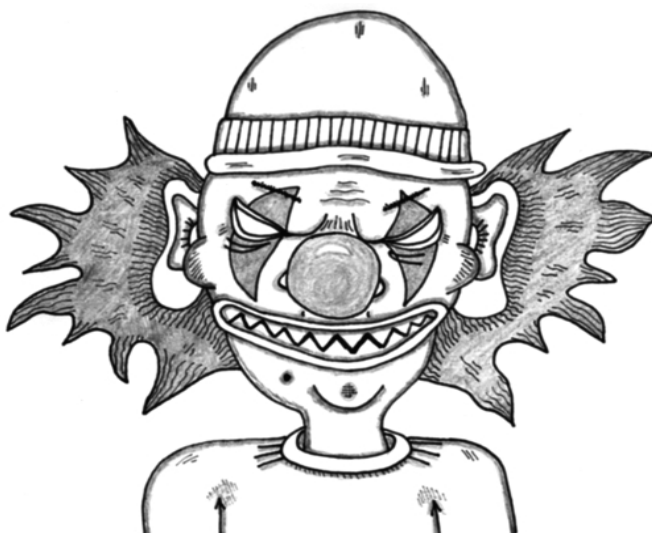
- **79** - Up ahead on what you hope is the shortcut from *here* to *there* lurk the clown fishes owners. Did you make that saving roll on LK? If you did, they have left their weapons at home and carry only butterfly nets (no, there are no pretty little flutterbys *here* – they hunt butterfly fish to spread on their breadflies, which are also inaptly named). The two clowns are doggie-paddling along to check on their fishy friends and look displeased to see the dwarves, whom they passionately loathe because dwarves just don't have the sense of humour to laugh at their jokes. You, they are plainly curious about and they immediately expand their nets to you-size. Go to **80**.
- **80** - The clowns are dressed one in a red and purple striped leotard, the other in orange and green polka dot speedoes. They also sport great big afro wigs, one silver, the other gold, and the obligatory big red round noses. One turns to the other and declares 'Well, well, well Mr. Punchinello – what do we have *here*?' The other places his hands on his hips and declaims (for they are hammy thespians at the best of times and these are not they) 'I do believe, Mr. Roberelli, that these dopey dwarves have a dolly. We would like a dolly to play with, wouldn't we Mr. Roberelli?' Mr. Roberelli nods sagely and puffs out his rubber belly menacingly. Go to **81**.

MR. ROBERELLI, THE ONLY CLOWN WITH THE RUBBER BELLY

- **81** - Fustingbritches is not in the mood to take any prisoners, far less to rollover for these clowns. 'We've got *thingy* with us!' he thunders, meaning you! 'Rik and Sir Adrian, to me! We'll take down the fat guy. You three take the nasty looking one with the vicious look in his eyes!' Now there's leadership! Ill-conceived and self-interested – first class generalship, straight out of the World War 1 text book. The dwarves have harpoons and daggers, just like you. They will all fire off one harpoon, needing just a L2 DEX SR to hit (you need to make L3 SR as you're new to this game). Remember – no combat adds for missile weapons and also keep in mind that with MRs as damage is taken, only adds go down but the dice stay the same. Go to **82**.



- **82** - Mr. Punchinello has MR 60; Mr. Roberelli has MR 80. If you failed that LK saving roll back at **78**, they have their weapons, horribly sharp taloned gloves, with them and get an extra 5d6 each. Maybe they thought they wouldn't need them out *here* today. You must roll the dice for the two fights. If you lose the first round against Mr. Punchinello go to **83**; if you win go to **84**. Oh yes, Mr. Roberelli can absorb 20 hits on his rubber belly while Mr. Punchinello takes only half damage from harpoons because he is very thick skinned and gets a saving roll on DEX each round to land a knockout haymaker on the chin of each opponent he faces. His DEX is 15 and he needs to make progressively higher saving rolls starting at 1 and, in this case, going up to 3 (no level bonus). Mr. P will get his punches off after the harpoons are fired. Let's hope none of you have glass jaws.
- **83** - It's highly likely that Mr. Punchinello would have taken someone out with his knockout punch after the first harpoon attack. I think he would have picked on Piney Al but your call, deputy. If he's on top of the fight, the others will come out soon. You have to face Mr. P for a second round and then Fustinbritches & Co. come pounding in. Go to **86**.
- **84** - Surely Mr. Punchinello took someone down with his fists after the harpoons were fired at him – I'd think he went for Piney Al but maybe you thunk differently. You are winning, so Fustinbrtiches, Rik and Sir Adrian gather round, clapping and stomping wildly after bagging Mr. Roberelli in the second. 'Fight, fight, fight!' they yell wittily. And fight you all do until Mr. P takes one too many and pegs out. Go to **85**.



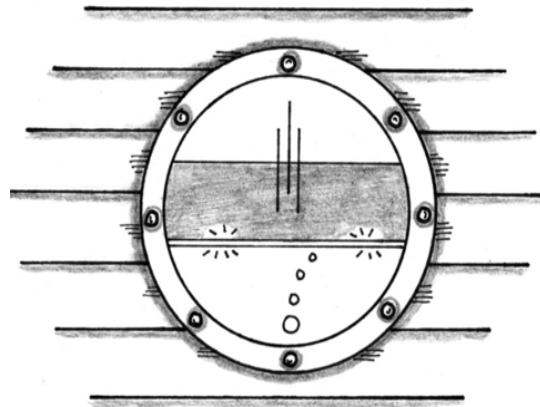
**MR. PUNCHINELLO. NOT IN A GOOD MOOD,
IT WOULD SEEM**

- **85** - Sir Adrian levels Mr. Punchinello with a solid fist on his hooter. And boy does he hoot. Then he blubs and then he lays down and accepts treatment as a trampoline (not as effective underwater but still enough to reduce him to a two-dimensional raspberry pancake). With the fights won, the dwarves link arms and spin round in a Cossack dance, squatting on their haunches, legs kicking out like whirling dervishes. You get 60 APs and then hear how the Big 3, as they now call themselves, took out the only man with a rubber belly. Their harpoons bounced off but then they hacked him up with the narwhal knives and now he's feeding fishies. Eventually, they get dizzy and the party is over. Go to **87**.
- **86** - After another round of fighting, Mr. Punchinello has had enough. The clowns have more than met their match. He sees what as happened to Mr. Roberelli and sits down and pants heavily. The others dash over to see how you doing and then...go to **85**.
- **87** - 'That was bonny!' observes Fustingbritches and Sir Adrian is quick to show is agreement by banging Piney Al hard on the noggin, causing him to blackout, possibly for the second time since leaving *here*. By and by, all the dwarves are sound enough of body, if not *compos mentis*, to move on. With your McDuff hat on, you lead on, hoping neither to break a leg nor to get stage fright. Go to **88**.



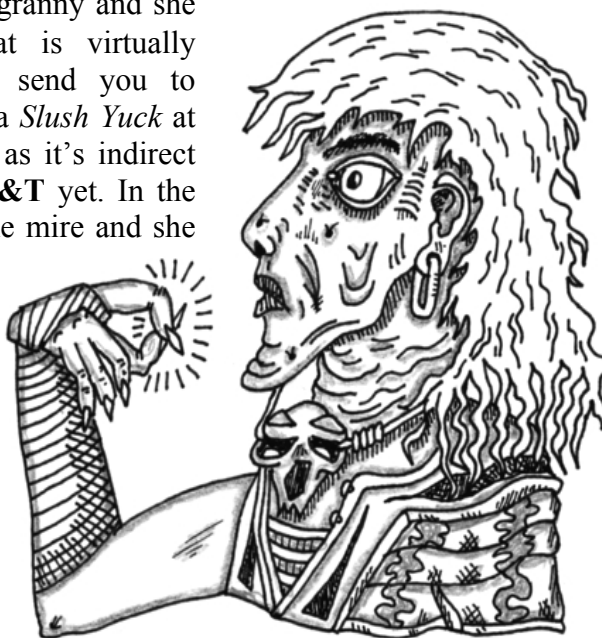
PINEY AL, A DEEPWATER DOPE

- **88** - Make a L1 SR on INT. If you fail, one of the Deepwater Dwarves makes up for your lack of attention, but otherwise you spot a sunken wreck. Oh goody! Rik demands the chance to be admiral of this very small fleet and Fustingbritches humours him, much to Sir Adrian's disgust. The self-ennobled knight places a small magically explosive device in the back of his brother's trousers and the resulting explosion is enough to leave the victim limping and hopping mad, taking 2d6 damage. Your consolation is the happy knowledge that you were not born into this family. Reaching the wreck, there is but one porthole not blocked solid with seaweed. Who will go through? If you would like to, go to **90**; if not, you can select a dwarf to do the reconnaissance – go to **91**.
- **89** – ...yourselves in the restroom of the sunken vessel. While the dwarves consider any bodily needs, you get a bad feeling about this place. Too right you do! One of them – and let's not be hasty to lay the blame – turns a tap and out come a stream of water fleas. The dwarves go into panic mode and flee for the porthole as, perversely, there is no door to these facilities. Everyone needs to make the best saving roll on SPD they can – it's every man jack for his or her self. Go to **93**.
- **90** – As you stick your neck into the noose that is the porthole, you trigger a guillotine trap – now why would anyone do that sort of thing? Make a L1 SR on SPD or take 10d6 damage to CON. Someone's head should roll for this...If you survive, go to **92**.
- **91** - Whoever you chose has to make a L1 SR on SPD or a nasty, rusty yet disconcertingly sharp blade slices across the porthole – decapitation? Can 'whoever' survive 10d6 to CON? Either way, go to **92**.
- **92** - The consensus view is that this was not a kind thing to do and so proceeding with caution after dismembering the dead (if any) is the order of the day. (Oh, and if Fustingbritches meets his maker, Boring Mike would take over the leadership, then Filthy Rik, then you, as Piney Al would find it way to much of a drag and, seriously, no one is going to let Sir Adrian be in charge of anything.) The rusty but lethal guillotine blade has come away from the mechanism that launched its destructive trajectory so the way ahead is clear. You emerge to find... go to **89**.



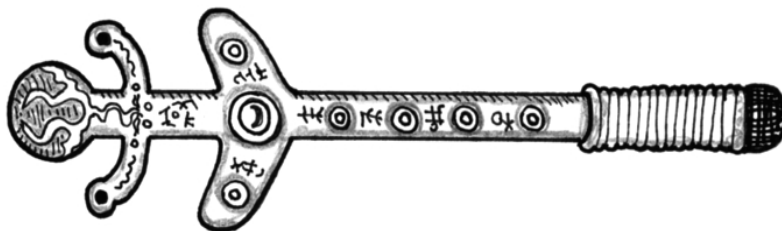
- **93** – Whoever did worst with that SPD saving roll does not make it out alive (have a roll off on LK if there was a tie). The water fleas feast to their little hearts' content and your little company is reduced by one (that may well amount to double decimation arithmetically). Everyone swims frantically away from the shipwreck lest the wee beasties fancy desert. You all deserve a break after those devious disasters – don't be deterred, detours don't dim Deepwater Dwarves' determination (unlike excessive alliteration). Go to **94**.
- **94** - Whither now, one wonders? Any which way but fleas, presumably. A light starts flashing in the dark depths, drawing you down deeper. This beacon of hope is illuminating rather than alliterative and the lads feel sure that this is the path to tread. You tread water and muse on the improbability of them getting anything right. Go to **95**.
- **95** - The shining turns out to be another crevice in the ocean bedrock but the opening has a distinct silvery tinge to it. 'We've found him!' they chant in unison. 'Finders keepers, losers weepers!' Famous last words, as it happens, as a skeletal claw reaches out from the crevice, seeking whoever stands on the cusp of her territory. Go to **96**.
- **96** - Everyone must make the best saving roll they can on WIZ. If more than one of you is at the bottom of the pile, have a re-roll to decide. At least you haven't got piles. The one born under the unwizardly star is grasped by a magical mit and drawn inside the lurker's lair. The others are sick of being picked off and begin to suspect a conspiracy. They are even contemplating the idea that trolls never really landed on Trollworld's twin moons, Sar and Sahane, that's how melancholic they have become. However, regaining the sanguinity, they charge after the claw, taking you in tow (or possibly coming to your aid, even Sir Adrian). Go to **97**.
- **97** - In *there* is the bolt hole of a wizened and withered old sea hag. Cackling manically, she is about to add whoever she caught to the acidic mix in her cauldron. The witch has a pretty name – Marie Celeste – but that's all that there is to find pretty about her. If it was you that got grabbed, you can try a L2 SR on STR. If you make it, you burst free from her frail fingers and the others gather round you, ready to give battle. She's outnumbered but doesn't look worried...If it was one of the dwarves she palmed or if you failed the STR roll, the cauldron's mix is somewhat more animated now. Go to **98**.

- **98** - Marie C is one grotesque granny and she is armed with an arsenal that is virtually bottomless of spells that will send you to posterity. She begins by casting a *Slush Yuck* at you all – no khremm resistance as it's indirect and we haven't got to **deluxe T&T** yet. In the blink of an eye, you are all in the mire and she follows up with a *Hard Stuff* to trap you. Helpless? Hopeless? Perhaps not. Go to **99**.



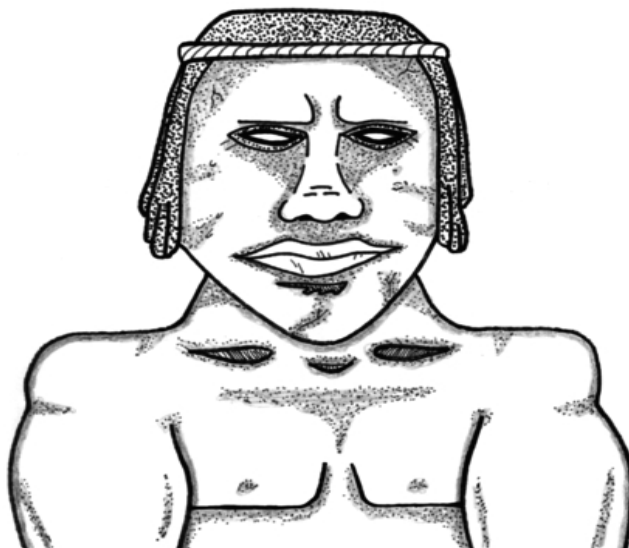
- **99** – You all get the chance to stick her with a harpoon now. She has just cast a spell so she isn't ready yet to throw up a *Protective Pentagram*. It's a L2 DEX shot so your aim needs to be true. Time to reveal her attributes, methinks. Go to **100** for the unveiling of the celestial Marie.
- **100** – A milestone – I thought I'd never get you *here* safely. Let's celebrate wildly if you can handle the hag with iron fists in velvet gloves, not kid mittens. Marie Celeste is composed as follows (you will have your chance to decompose her soon enough): (roll 4d6) modifiers of x3 for INT and LK, x7 for WIZ, x2 for DEX and SPD and 1/2 for STR and CON; x10 for negative CHR. She's probably going to be L14! Looks like that CON could be her undoing, right? Go to **101**.
- **101** – Did someone hit her? Surely she's gasping her last breath! If not, be my guest, have another crack if any of you can make a L1 SR on SPD before she lets rip with another spell. She's dead? Right...go to **102**.
- **102** – The mysterious Marie wears a bespelled *Born Again* ring. One charge only so no bright ideas about running off with it! She rises and picks out the one with biggest CON and zaps the living daylights out of him with a searingly devastating *Take That You Fiend!* at the highest level she can – blink and you would have missed the sizzling cerebellum of your comrade (or you, but I sincerely hope not). Show no mercy – now's your chance. While she's recovering from a poor choice of spell (maybe *Protective Pentagram* would have been the wiser, live-to-fight-another-day sort of incantation) you can carve her up. Jolly good show! And then there were? Oooh! It's getting tough for me to predict and keep his show on the road...Not to complain though. You'll just have to bear with me. Time for a search of the witch's den. Make L1 SRs on INT and LK, one to find, the other for there to be something to find (LK first, logically). Go to **103**.

- **103** — In a locked cupboard (a talent, a *Knock Knock* spell perhaps – more likely just a well placed boot heel) there is a wand. It has a tag marked *Death Spell No. 7* and there is a series of raised up runes on the top side of the stick and a trigger on the underside. Hmmm! Looks shockingly potent and if you can make a L1 SR on WIZ you can read what **104** has to say on the matter in hand (well, you surely have grasped this particular nettle and not left it to the unsafe care of anyone still with you) otherwise go straight on to **105**.



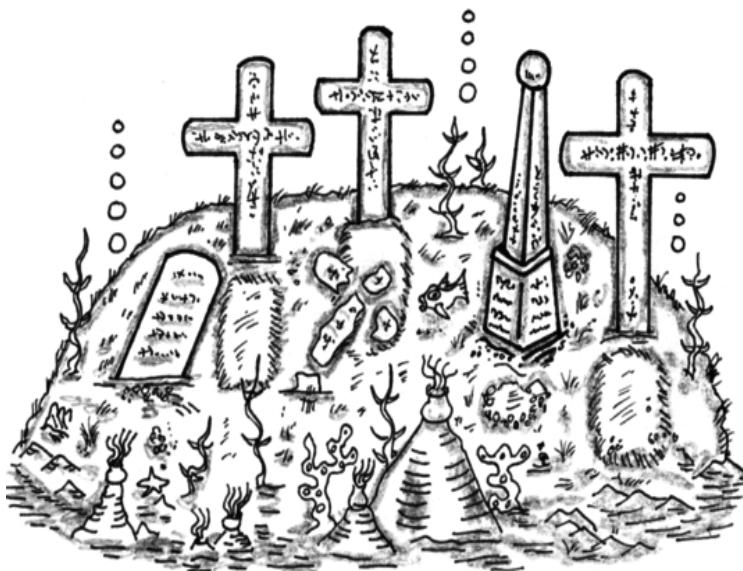
WANDA

- **104** — Making that all too rare WIZ saving roll makes you know in your waters that this is going to kill someone. Soon. Now go to **105** to go further on your journey to find out who.
- **105** — The runes are ancient and unfathomable so it comes down to whether or not you have the balls to push one of the runes and then pull the trigger. You can do that now (go to **109**) or wait for an (in)opportune moment to put it to the test (go to **107**).
- **106** — You have avoided temporal transference by choosing as you have with this porthole and your present, although not gift wrapped, is that you are almost *there*. You have arrived at the domicile of the reef trolls, a big, musclebound pair who act as Guardians to Dickension Reef. The reef troll brothers are at the moment perusing the star charts for this hemisphere of Trollword for this time of year for there is nothing they love better at low tide than standing still as statues on the reef at night, gazing wonderingly at the constellations. Their favourite, of course, is *Trollgod*, their birth sign. It takes a great deal of imagination to see the face peering down from the heavens at Trollworld but it is not beyond their *ken*. Go to **115**.



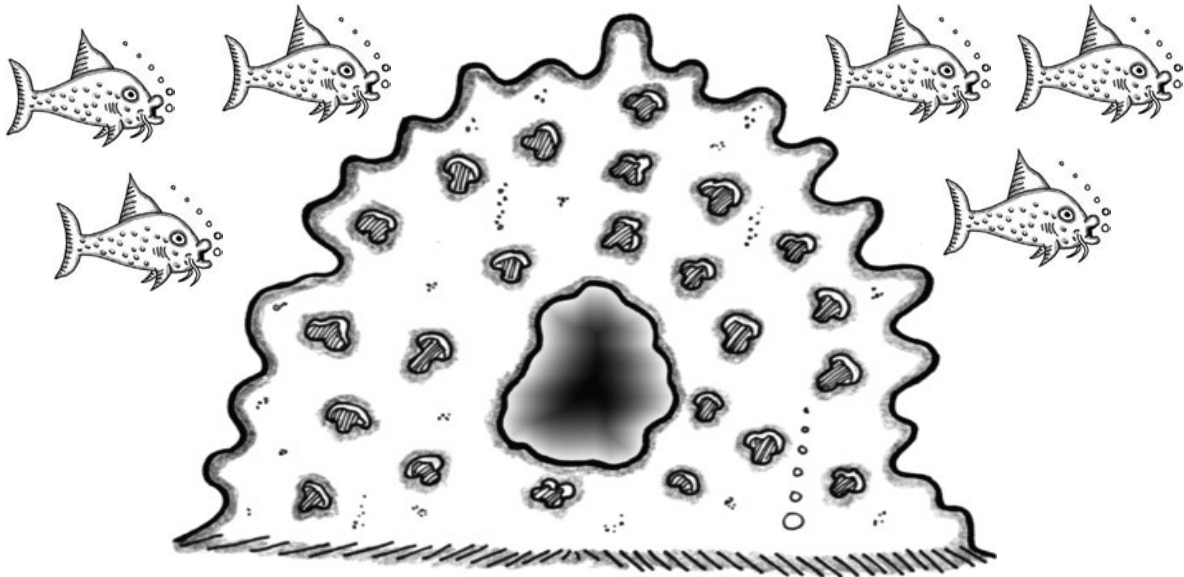
(EITHER ROCKBUTT OR SEASLUG – THE REEF TROLL IN PENSIVE MOOD BY *RODIN REEFTROLL*)

- **107** – Fair enough. There may yet come a time when fortune favours the faint-hearted. You also find a heap of gems worth some 5,000 gps (you can roll some dice to find out the plus or minus and use some CHR saving rolls to work out the sharing deal with the Deepwater Dwarves –yes, you’ll have to work that out for yourself). Who is left with you? I rather think you have lost two or three of the odd squad you started this sojourn with. Onwards to **108**.
- **108** – Taking *Wanda* with you – for she will not let you abandon her – you and whoever remains pass through the badly concealed crevice at the rear of Marie’s chamber. The remains of the fallen remain where they lay, soon to be picked clean. In the gloom, more silvery wisps draw you on. Make a L1 SR on current CON for you and any dwarf with you. Now go to **110**.
- **109** – Yes, well...or no, ill perhaps would be better. The Death Spell no. 7 wand flickers and buzzes before upping the ante to an incandescent crackle. Then it zaps with unfettered joy, your hand dancing to its fatal symphony. Roll 1d6 and divide by 2, rounding down. That’s how many *Wanda* slays this time. I hope there were at least three dwarves still with you for if not you too were exterminated unless you (and the dwarves) make a L7 LK saving roll. The living can go to **107**, mourning the recently departed, and skipping the first sentence.



A DEEPWATER DWARF CEMETERY, SPONSORED BY WANDA

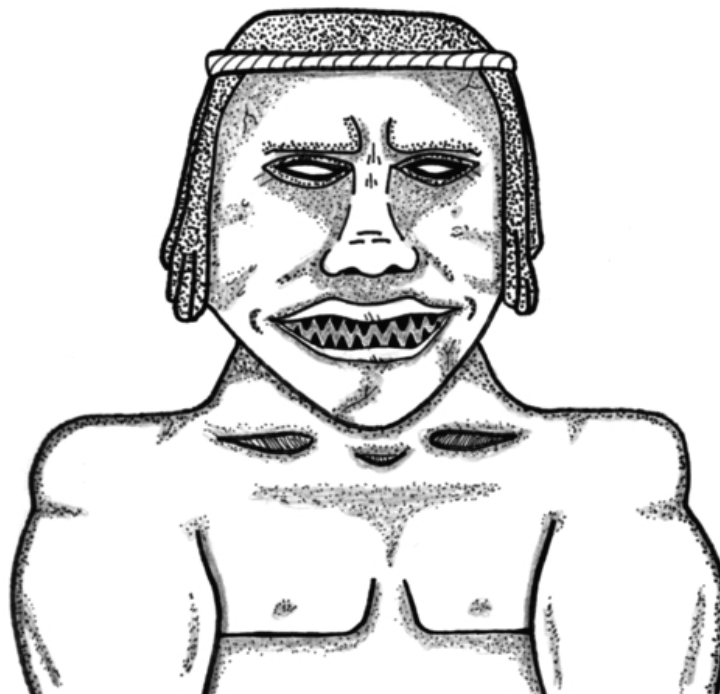
- **110** – You have just passed through a quantity (the golden ratio would allow you to calculate just how much) of deuterium. This heavy water can cause compression of the lungs and a missed saving roll on CON at L1 means taking 1d6 damage. Some clouds, especially *Obscured* ones, have silver linings, and the deuterium adds 1d6 to your STR permanently (only works once, natch). These swings and roundabouts take you perigrinationally to **111**.
- **111** – A little way off in the distance you see light. It is up above you and so it must be near the surface of the ocean. The silver trail glistens, suspended and still in the current, angling up to the sun's rays. No point in shilly-shallying. Off you go to **112**.
- **112** – You have discovered the Dickensian Reef and spectacularly picturesque it is too, unspoilt by the denizens of Trollworld. The multitude of little fishies, oblivious to your presence, both enthrall and indicate a tranquility that neither you, dear player, nor I, as Omnipotent Helmsman or Gubernator) would ever want to see come to an end. So – no sharks over *there* please. The coral is rough and jagged. It is not supposed to give ingress, no shelter to great lumps like you. However and moreover, with a splash of notwithstanding and a twist of nonetheless, there are three smoked glass porthole doors. You cannot see through them but they do have wheels positioned where knobs or handles might normally be expected. But little is normal *there*...Go to **113**.



THE DICKENSIAN REEF



- **113** – The left hand door gives off a strong sense of *déjà vu* whilst the middle has an aura that really makes you feel centred, in the moment. As for the last, there is something strange about it. You have not quite seen the like of it before and you feel uncertain as you gaze upon. Any surviving dwarves echo your sentiments in a bubbly sort of way. A choice is looming once more and it may prove fateful. Go to **114**.
- **114** – The Dickensian Reef is a living thing and likes to think of itself as Carol. You get a sense of that by osmosis. Which porthole will you open? A dickens of a choice – Scrooge would probably turn his back on this set up as there is no treasure in view. Still...you are not he and you are well on the way to getting *there*. Make your mind up time: go to **116** for the left with the sort of 'been *there*, done that' feel to it, go to **106** for the centre with its more grounded osmotic rapport or to **118** for the right hand porthole with its unfathomable mystery.
- **115** – Rockbutt and Seaslug are a mite surprised at your intrusion and get up quickly to show you their displeasure. Then they smell you. Mmmm! Delicious! 'Do you feel hungry, Rockbutt?' Seaslug asks solicitously. Go to **117** and find out if there is an appetite to appease.



ROCKBUTT LOST IN THOUGHT

- **116** – You have opened the Pandora's Box of the Past. As you go through, hoping to pass from *here* to *there*, a whirlwind of temporal fluctuation catapults you backwards in time. Not very far though – that could be too messy. As you are now, and with no dead Deepwater Dwarves accompanying you, you go back, based on the roll of 1d6, to one of the following paragraphs. I trust that a second bite at this succulent cherry will prove agreeable to both your palette and your digestion. 1 - **11**; 2- **22**; 3- **30**; 4- **42**; 5 - **49**; 6 - **69**.
- **117** – 'I don't mind admitting to being a trifle pecking, Sluggsy,' Rockbutt replies, licking his thick, protruding lips. 'Very well, that being so, I shall rustle you up a bit of tucker, Rocko, me ol' china.' What is going on in your mind? Getting out quick? Saying how disgusting you will taste? Reaching for Wanda? Go to **119** for the first, to **120** for the second or to **124** for the third option.
- **118** – As you turn the lock and open the porthole, fingers crossed that you will cross the threshold from *here* to *there*, a powerful vortex sucks you through and you emerge, unscathed, in your home town. Everything seems normal, except that any of the Deepwater Dwarves who were with you are turning purple and gasping – it is way to dry for them. You get help and have them put in a horse trough and then start explaining. It dawns on you that you have arrived in the future, best as you can gauge the passing of the seasons and the position of Trollworld's twin moons in the night sky. What you do with any surviving dwarves is up to you.

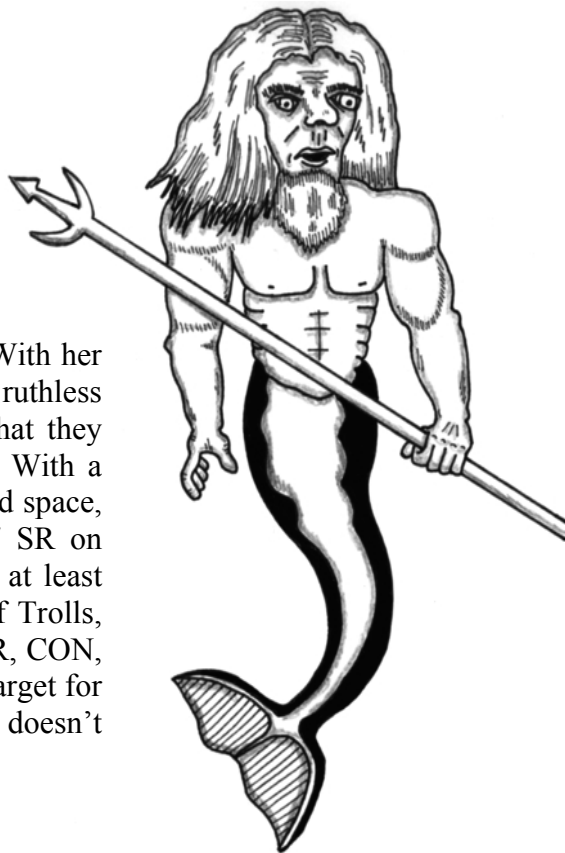
They hang on to your coattails and here, on land, it is clear that they will serve you as you are all they know. You may take 10 APs for each paragraph you experienced but since only the obsessives will have been counting let's call it a round 1,000. Congratulations! You can keep your equipment and your ability to breath underwater. If you have the wand but don't know how it works or what it does, you can go to **109** and take a peek – after all, it's yours now.

- **119** – Make the best saving roll you and any of the dwarves still with you can on SPD and then shake (radical! not roll!) 1d6 and go to **122**.
- **120** – 'E says he dun't taste nice, Sluggsy! We'll just have to get out the birthday condiments, won't we, me old mucker?' Sluggsy nods his great craggy head and spits out a wad of coral he has been chewing. 'Yuh, we'll give 'em some wounds and then rub salt in and we'll stick peppercorns up their noses to make 'em sneeze out their nasty juices, that's what we'll do, Rocko.' Might be worth thinking again as they are not easily put off their food – go back to **117** and choose a different option.
- **121** – Now roll 3d6. If the result is less than the combined WIZ/CHR saving roll you made, your prayers are answered! Yippee! Spittlephlegm himself appears in a puff of sulphur, blended with a whiff of methane. The reef trolls really do lose their appetite. The salt-encrusted God of the Deepwater Dwarves looks weary and tells you to get on with it because he's nothing but a skivvy these days with the Silver Server *en vacances*, as it were. Go to **123**. But – very big but, this one – if you did not exceed the 3d6 result with your WIZ/CHR saving roll go to **128**.
- **122** – The two reef trolls train every day and they have to be fast to keep the riff-raff of the reef. They both beat your best saving roll by however many levels you shook on that six-sided dice. You never had a chance, ain't that the truth? Now they are almost upon you. You can feel their hot, clammy breath on your face. Dental floss has not reached these parts yet, nor Listerene. You can submit and pray (go to **125**) or resort to Wanda (go to **124**).
- **123** – The watching wizard-gods are not amused! No one expected you to pull off that saving roll and they have dropped a bundle to the Arch-Demon Ashgoleth, who may have monkeyed about with the Dice Goddess and tee'd up an unexpected 'roll over and die' from the two reef trolls. Sluggsy and Rocko pat their bellies and wince but show you the secret door behind their bedroom mirror (the showoffs!) and tell you glumly that you'll find the Server through *there*. Go to **130**.

- **124** — Wanda has been looking forward to another date with destiny. The runes make no more sense than when you first looked at them. One has to be pushed and then that trigger needs a finger expertly placed to squeeze it just so...ruefully you chose a rune and your finger does the damage...and everyone apart from you has to make a L7 SR on LK. Go to **127** and we'll see what Reef Trolls are made of – slugs and snails and puppy dogs tails? I think not.
- **125** — Make the best saving rolls you can on both WIZ and CHR, then add the levels up. Go to **121**.
- **126** — As you look, you see a tour party of mermaids led by Ramses Triton, a guide and racoonter from faraway Khaboom on the Kraken continent. He has a Davy Crockett cap on his head which looks far less impressive in the water than it did when he swapped it for the shirt off his back, although you can now see his impressive muscles rippling to the delight of the mer-lasses. As he tells them yet another story of his heroic exploits there on the reef, a gang of bully-boy tritons spring out from behind a giant clam and look ready to kidnap the fair mermaidens. Instead of standing firm, poor Ramses takes stock of the odds, subsides and does a runner. If you want to go to the rescue of the distressed damsels go to **136**; if you prefer to leave them to their fate go to **137**.

RAMSES TRITON, TOUR GUIDE AND RACOONTER

- **127** —Wanda used to belong to a Scarlet Witch and she has not been the same since they parted company. With her heart broken, she has developed a ruthless streak and many have rued the day that they laid eyes on her sleek, wooden form. With a cascade of light irradiating the enclosed space, Wanda eliminates any who fail a L7 SR on LK. Looks tough for the dwarves but at least you're off her hit list. As for the Reef Trolls, they get 4d6 for all attributes with STR, CON, CHR and ... LK (gasp!) x5. 50 is the target for a L7 saving roll so I'm betting Wanda doesn't get them both. Now for **129**.



- **128** – Trollworld is not somewhere that holds a great place for prayer. There are no clerics to role play and goodness and holiness failed to make even the expanded attribute list of 7.5. Futile sums it up. The reef trolls neither know nor care what you had in mind and simply get on with their business – lunch. Go to **129** and don't worry too much about Wanda.
- **129** – The reef trolls do not much care for Wanda and she does not stop them grabbing you and anyone else still on his feet. Then they set about their culinary preparations, tying you to a spit and slow-roasting you while they add herbs, spices and drizzle you in oil. Each round you are in this pickle you must make a L1 SR on CON and if you fail you take 1d6 in bbq burns. As the gastronomes pose in their big white chef hats you have to put up with their conversation. Go to **131**.
- **130** – Passing through the secret door, you walk in on a being of pure white light, or maybe energy, with its hands placed upon a large globe, brow furrowed, surveying the ocean floor *there* and abouts. It turns to regard you, a little apprehensively perhaps, and waits for you to say or do something. Now you've got *there*, you can ask the Silver Server if he would like to come with you to Fortress Orca (go to **133**), take him by the hand and lead him back through the door (go to **134**), ask the Server if it is willing to serve you (go to **135**) or take a peek into its opal scrying ball (go to **126**).

THE SOUGHT AFTER SILVER SERVER

- **131** – ‘Ere, Rocko, now we've got that Server fella to do our work, what say you and I take the afternoon off and have a little jaunt in the briny this arvo?’ ‘I say splendid notion, capital in fact, Sluggsy. A little R&R would do us a power of good. Charging money to tourists and then taxing their skins off afterwards is all very well but what do we, the workers, get out of this capitalist paradigm, eh?’



‘*There* you have it, Rocko, old fruit. Come the glorious day, brother (and sister lest I offend any member of the fairer and weaker sex), the exploiters of the honest sweat from our brows shall be placed against the wall and harpooned. And I, for one, shall salute that day!’ ‘Amen to that, Sluggsy, amen to that.’ This goes on for about half an hour while you make a few more of those CON saving rolls (let's say 4) but we can cut to the chase. Go to **132**.

- **132** — There is a puzzle to be solved to get out of this fine mess you got yourself into. As this is a solo and you are not there to be toyed with, dear player, we shall unfold it this way: if you take the words 'reef + troll' and you take out what these loveable revolutionaries want for their post-prandial escape from the grindstone, you will have enough left to make the two things they levy on unwitting visitors to the reef. Got it? Good...*I hope*. Let's throw in a lifeline and something for a modicum of re-playability at this crucial point in our charade: another way not to die for excess singeing (and whingeing) is to make a L3 SR on INT – you can keep trying but every time you do so you must also make the L1 CON SR or take 1d6 damage. If you don't work it out you can always email me for the solution. But enough prevarication! When you are done, it's on to **123** and don't fret about which saving roll they're talking about.
- **133** — The Silver Server is overcome with joy when on hearing that you have made the reef trolls see the error of their ways. This extraordinary being came to Trollworld at the summons of Spittlephlegm and has come to love the old rascal and regards the work that this rapscallion sets him as a labour of love. However and moreover, he first must deal with the troublesome tritons. Read **126** following your choices through **but do not go back to 130**. Instead, when you are spliced or done with the dusting, go to **138**.
- **134** — Putting your hand on a being of pure, elemental energy? At this late stage in the piece? Oh no, no, no...Khaghbboommm! Imagine swallowing a *Hell Bomb Bursts* and then having it explode...You have made another fine mess and are in no fit state to help clean it up. Still, Rockbutt and Seaslug like sauce on their food.

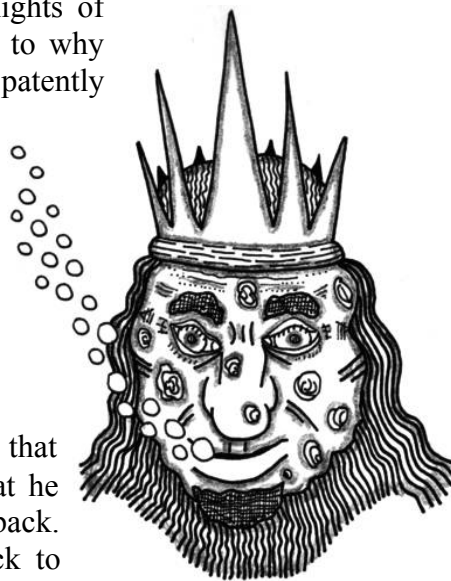
SLUGGSY ALL SPRUCED UP FOR A DATE

- **135** — Now that is very selfish indeed. What would you do with such a powerful servant to carry out your every order, grant your every wish. Make L2 SRs on every one of your eight prime attributes. If you make four or more you *Stay Alive!* (see the **Delving Dwarf** website for more of this) but if you make three or fewer, the idea is offensive to Spittlephlegm, who blasts you out of the cosmos with a flick of his little finger. If you make all eight, ok, the world is your oyster or lobster, whatever you prefer, as you know are all powerful underwater. You have released Spittlephlegm from his oath of Guardianship to the Deepwater Dwarves and you, with the Silver Server to assist you, are now the God(dess) of the Murky Depths of *Here and There*. May you rule lightly and intervene wisely.



- **136** — The Server is sad that he cannot go with you because the reef trolls do not permit him to do *pro bono* work anymore. When you tell him they have seen the light, he slips into the opal globe, pulling you with him, without actually touching you because that would be just awful. He stands with his hands on his hips taking in the six tritons and then surges at them like a Doberman seeing the postman. Will you leave it to him (go to **141**) or join in the pugilism (go to **142**)?
- **137** — How unchivalrous! Gallantry is not your middle name, is it? 'I'd go rescue them but the reef trolls won't allow it,' the Server says flatly. When you give him the news, he rises abruptly and slips into the globe, appearing at the crime scene just in time! He makes short work of the triton gang and returns to you with the tourist party. Make a L1 SR on CHR. If you make it go to **140**, if not, go to **139**.
- **138** — Time to go from there to here and, with the illustrious and argental Silver Server to accompany you, there is this time nothing to impede your rather triumphant progress. This really is traveling in style! Go to **143**.
- **139** — The ladies were hoping to pick up a spouse on this holiday visit to the Dickension Reef but none of them fancy the cut of your jib and they ask the Server for a refund before going off to join a hen party. You have to go to **130** and make another choice.
- **140** — Do you believe in love at first sight? Well, it happens on Trollworld both above and below the surface. Would you Adam and Eve it? They all want to marry you and, stone the crows, they all speak in Cockney rhyming slang. Make the best saving roll you can on LK. This will indicate how many dice your bride gets for CHR and how much she gets for a dowry (multiply the level by 1,000 for the booty and roll those dice for the other booty). The Server weds you since he has the gravitas, dignitas and auctoritas (and he can speak Latin). You are not allowed to jilt your bride at the altar (regardless of sex as Trollworld does not make judgments of this kind – see 'Rose of Stormgaard' by Ken St. Andre, available from Trollhalla Press). How you deal with these nuptials is up to you, sport – now to **130** and make another choice.
- **141** — Very smart! He carves his way through them, leaving very little evidence of the havoc he has wrought in triton-kind. Pity there is no left to take back a warning to the rest of the tritons that the Server is back on duty and his tax collecting days are over. He returns with all the *merlie-girlies* to whence he came from, namely back *there*. Make a L1 SR on CHR. If you make it go to **140**, if not, go to **139**.

- **142** — Gosh! Is that wise? Remember way back when before you got *there* or *here*, when staying out of trouble was the ticket? Could be the water's getting hot again. Roll 1d6 – if you get odds the Server takes one triton out in the round, evens means two. Each round the battle rages (and it is tricky for the Server because he is trying to cover your backside, however large) you must make a L1 SR on DEX to avoid taking a 10d6 +20 poke up the jacksey one of those magical tridents. There are six tritons – it would be good to keep throwing evens. If you survive, you can go back to and **130** make another choice.
- **143** — You are *here* again, here at Fortress Orca. Dwarves dive in droves to detain you with details of your discovery. The Silver Server leaves the embellishments to your artistic licence and soon you are being hoisted high on their shoulders and taken inside amidst grand huzzahs. Go to **144**
- **144** — Unless you are the shy, retiring type, you enjoy being centre of attention. If not, there is a hermit crab who will share her shell with you. King Barnacles orders five days of public holidays and six nights of mandatory ale swilling. When you enquire as to why the Server stayed with the reef trolls when it is patently obvious that a being so puissant could have left them at any time, Barnacles hushes you urgently. Oh-ho! Maybe Rocko and Sluggsy had something on Barnacles that he doesn't want in the public domain. You could pretend you know (go to **146**) or you could let it pass and just enjoy the party (go to **147**).
- **145** — Barnacles is so relived when he hears that you have, like Ronnie Biggs, done a bunk that he thinks better of having the Server fetch you back. You are a loose end but now he can go back to being the party animal he truly is. It may be that he later decides that lose ends need snipping but that's another story... if it's one you would like to star in then you had better email me at **mark.findlayrd@gmail.com** and I will set sail on a sequel...for now, although you miss out on pecuniary gain, you do get deluged with 2,000 APs for *Staying Alive!*
- **146** — King Barnacles turns ashen. You have put a real damper on festivities for the king makes his apologies and leaves. If it ain't got its king, party ain't never gonna swing. Go to **149**.



- **147** — They say that wisdom comes at a price and it would seem that you have paid yours now. The party swings and everyone agrees that you rock. King Barnacles is particularly warm in his praises and keeps winking at you and tapping his nose. 'Nudge is as good as whisper to a blind bat, eh?' he wheezes matily in your shell-like. And he wants to reward you. And so he should! You have brought the Silver Server to him on a silver salver and all is rosy in his underwater garden once more. Make the best saving roll you can on LK and go to **150**.
- **148** — Not normally a vindictive soul, the king has to act decisively if he is to save face and to keep his crown. He has you brought into his private chamber where his two faithful bodyguards, Winkin Blinkin and the ever loyal Nodd, accomplished assassins both, take hold of you. It is not painful and it is very quick, for they know exactly where the vital pressure spots are. Before you can shake the fleas off a cat, your heart stops beating and you are neither *here* nor *there*.
- **149** — Scant minutes after Barnacles retires, an errand boy comes to tell you that you have been granted a private audience to discuss terms. You can swagger along, confident that you have the upper hand (go to **148**), or you can heed a queasy feeling in your guts and use one of the emergency evacuation hatches (go to **145**).
- **150** — The starting reward, paid in pearls and pieces of eight, is 500 gold. That is for a critical fumble (1 and 2). It rises at L1 to 1,500, at L2 to 4,500, L3 to 13,500 and so on, going up in multiples of three to a maximum of 121,500 at L5 or better. You will be given a luxury taxi ride home courtesy of Fortress Orca and you scoop 2,000 APs for getting from *here* to *there* and back again. And Wanda? If you still have the Scarlet Witch's death wand and want to know how to use it or even perhaps find a suitable owner then you had better email me at mark.findlayrd@gmail.com and I will set sail on a sequel...

**The End - It's Not Just Coming, More Than Nigh
- It's Here, Not There... Unless...**

Gamesmaster Option

It's easy enough to make a GM adventure of the world of the Deepwater Dwarves. You can follow the main events of the solo – I won't list them for fear of spoiling it for some and in any case it's a straightforward task once a GM has played the solo adventure him or herself.

Remember, as this game is set underwater, players attributes are not what they are on land. They can roll 3d6 for any attribute in the tens, 4d6 for any attribute in the twenties and so on – no kindred modifiers (unless *you* think they're justified).

The Deepwater Dwarves are not so different to their air-breathing cousins and they do need oxygen, stored in bubbles in their beards. They are made of stone but it is porous (see Coral's cheek) which aids underwater movement and buoyancy.

They all have sturdy fins jutting from their back and large webbed feet. There is webbing between their sausage-like fingers and both males and females have a beard (a full and fine specimen) consisting of ribbon-like strands knotted with beads which contain enough oxygen for a dwarf to spend several hours underwater before needing to eat either flotsam or jetsam to replenish the gas supply to the beard beads.



The dwarves always roll 4d6 for each attribute but the modifiers are haywire – there always weaknesses as well as strengths but you can do as you please, fitting the modifiers to your picture of the dwarf (I have given some but not all so as not to force your hand!).

They live in **Fortress Orca**, a real orca but imbued with god-like magic. The orca is far, far bigger inside than its external form would suggest. The dwarves have, over time, developed salves and behaviours to keep both them and their host alive. This orca has WIZ and CON in the order of ten thousand so killing it is never going to be easy.

These dwarves have a king and live peacefully together, the playboys of the ocean floor.

Their main enemies are tritons but there are countless other creatures under the waves for them to encounter, sentient or not.

Here are the ones we meet in the solo:

Zkhurvay – only encountered at the very start, before the shipwreck, but the Cap'n could figure as your warm-up act.

Man-eating shark – MR 60 and fast!

Tritons – armed with a trident that is magic which gets 10d6 plus 20; tritons get 6d6 for all attributes bar INT for which they get just 3d6; you can treat them as having an MR of 40 if you prefer.

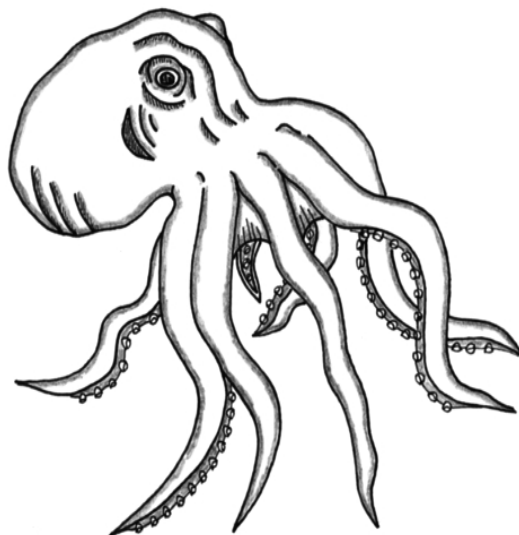
Crab-Men – they get 7d6 for all attributes apart from INT for which they get just 2d6; shells takes 20 hits, including magical assaults, and their two razor claws get 8d6 each; they don't take prisoners and are very hungry omnivores.

Sirens - they get 10d6 for WIZ, INT, LK and CHR (just 1d6 for everything else); if their *Come To Me* spell grips a victim (it works just as an *Oh Go Away* works but draws the victim to the caster with the victim in a stupor) he or she is forever in servitude to the siren.

Giant Octopus - MR 300 (31d6 plus 150 adds); eight tentacles unless it was in a bad fight or is a mutant.

Mother of Pearl – lives on the floor of a giant clam and taunts anyone she meets mercilessly, knowing she can rely on her daughter to fight her battles.

Pearl – made of pearl and can take 50 hits (25 magical); her voice is ear-splitting and each round she fight (oh yes, she gets 2d6 and 2 adds more than any single opponent does) her foe must make a saving roll on CON (start at 1 and go progressively higher) or his/her ears split and brains ooze out very messily (watch out for underwater zombies more than for sharks!).



The Silver Server – a being of pure white light, or maybe energy, often looking into a large scrying globe, which also acts as a teleporter; attributes should be high enough to make him almost god-like in your game; touching him is like swallowing a *Hell Bomb Bursts* and then having it explode!

Mr. Roberelli – MR 80, this giant clown can absorb 20 hits on his rubber belly.



marked *Death Spell No. 7*; there is a series of raised up runes on the top side of the stick and a trigger on the underside... Marie doesn't dare use it because...

Mr. Punchinello – MR 60, the second giant clown gets a saving roll on DEX each round to land a knockout haymaker on the chin of each opponent he faces; his DEX is and he needs to make progressively higher saving rolls for each opponent starting at 1.

Marie Celeste – is an old hag composed as follows (you will have your chance to decompose her): (roll 4d6) modifiers of x 3 for INT and LK, x 7 for WIZ, x 2 for DEX and SPD and 1/2 for STR and CON; x 10 for negative CHR; the mysterious Marie wears a bespelled *Born Again* ring (one charge only); she also has a wand with a tag

Wanda – Death Spell no.7 Wand – a deluxe magic staff with an angry demon from the *Realm of Terju* trapped within, this wand flickers and buzzes before upping the ante to an incandescent crackle; then it zaps with unfettered joy, the wielder's hand dancing to its fatal symphony; roll 1d6 and divide by 2, rounding down; that's how many *Wanda* slays each time unless those in Wanda's sights make a L7 LK saving roll; you really need to make sure you never use Wanda unless there are at least 3 other beings at hand or you become one of the targets.

Water fleas – if encountered, a L1 SR on SPD is needed to get out of their reach or they will consume everything they get to.

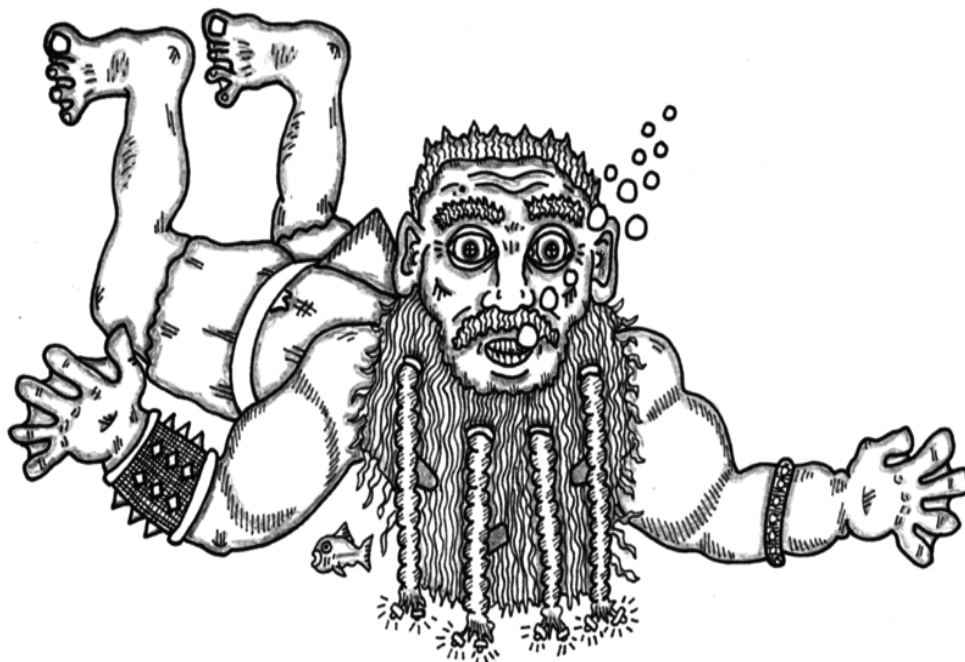
Rockbutt and Seaslug, Reef Trolls – get 4d6 for all attributes with STR, CON, CHR and ... LK (gasp!) x 5

Ramses Triton – a guide and racoonter from faraway Khaboom on the Kraken continent who ran into an enchantment that turned him into a triton able to breath underwater or on land, where he immediately sprouts landlegs; he has a Davy Crockett cap on his head which looks far less impressive in the water than it did when he swapped it for the shirt off his back, although now he can show off his impressive muscles to the delight of the mer-lasses and landladies; ever keen to reel off yet another story of his heroic exploits...*yawn*; attributes rolled up like a normal triton but an extra d6 for STR, CON and CHR.

Mermaids – 3d6 for all attributes, 1.5 modifier for SPD (underwater only, of course) and x 2 for CHR and WIZ.

The Dickensian Reef – a living thing, named Carol, a good place to build mini-dungeons since tourists abound.

And here are the dwarves we meet in the solo:



Kelp Wavesurf - gets 4d6 for all tributes and as a water-dwarf (as opposed to the rock or earth varieties you have probably encountered up top) he gets modifiers of x4 for STR and CON; he possesses a finely crafted silver sigil that acts as a 100-strong khremm shield so think twice about casting magic at him; his SPD gets a x2 modifier; he fights with Spiked Power Gauntlets, with brain-numbing poison on barbs of these gauntlets: they gets 4d6 each (you will have to work out his combat adds) and if hurt you need to make progressively higher saving rolls on INT each round to avoid being, in effect, 'switched off', the rounds being limited to the roll of 2d6.

Kelp has a sturdy fin jutting from his back and, next, you see he has large webbed feet; there is webbing between his sausage-like fingers and his beard (a full and fine specimen) consists of ribbon-like strands knotted with beads which, when you pluck up the courage to ask, he explains contain enough oxygen for a dwarf to spend several hours underwater before needing to eat either flotsam or jetsam to replenish the gas supply to the beard beads.

Coral Clamsucker – PA to the king; give her x2 for INT and CHR and x .75 for STR and WIZ.

King Berthold Barnacles – a bit of a party animal with a tendency to be playful; give him modifiers of x3 for STR, WIZ, INT and LK, x 6 for CON and x .75 for SPD and DEX.

Khaghbboommm 'Many Ways To Die'

Sandy Saltlick – will make delvers a few special items: a dorsal fin, complete with harness, rubber web-feet, a snug-fitting suit of sharkskin armour and harpoon gun with a revolving carbine containing four harpoons; to top it off, he gives you a narwhal horn dagger; the fin and the web-feet will make you faster and more nimble (roll 1d6 and add in the level of a CHR saving roll – this is how much better your underwater SPD and DEX will now be); the sharkskin might save your carcass from a carve-up (roll 1d6 and add in the level of that CHR saving roll – that is how many hits it will take); those weapons will allow you to pull your weight, not that there's much for gravity to work with in your case, flower (using the CHR saving roll again to add in, roll 2d6 for the harpoons and 1d6 for the dagger – this will give you the adds for these 2d6 weapons); underwater, there are no combat adds for missile weapons. You choose his modifiers.

Sgt. Pilchard - He has you strip down to your daks and then makes you do push ups (until you wish it was daisies you were pushing up), chin ups and sits ups 'til you definitely feel down not up and squat thrusts until you have thigh burn; attempt a STR saving roll for each of the four exercises – each one you make means you can add 1 to your STR and CON. You choose his modifiers.

Filthy Rik Dangerous - he clearly thinks he is someone very important. Rik gets 4d6 for each attribute and STR, CON and CHR are doubled while LK and DEX are halved; like most underwater dwarves, armed with a harpoon gun, four harpoons (2d6 plus 2d6 adds) and a narwhal dagger (2d6 plus 1d6 adds).

Sir Adrian Dangerous – he gets 4d6, as they all do for all attributes, but for him STR and CON are multiplied by 5 and WIZ, INT and CHR are just one third of whatever you roll.

Piney Al - a droopy, gangly dwarf with long, lank hair and a beard to match. 'Hello, have you got any lentils, man?' he waves with a gormless grin ; you haven't and he sighs exhaustedly and starts chanting 'Ommm' under his breath; Piney gets modifiers of x 2 for WIZ, x half for CHR and LK.

Boring Mike - gets modifiers of x1.5 for INT and LK and 3/4 for STR and CON; obsessed with hitting on females.

Fustingbritches – the leader of most expeditions from Fortress Orca, he gets 4d6 for all attributes and his STR, LK and CON are all doubled; cantankerous old coot.

Winkin Blinkin and Nodd – King Barnacles two bodyguards (and trained assassins), very loyal and tough as teak. You choose their modifiers.

Spittlephlegm –not really a Deepwater Dwarf at all, **he is** the God of the Murky Depths of *Here* and *There* and Guardian to the Deepwater Dwarves. Probably L60 or so – no attributes attributed because of constant flux and lack of sophisticated enough measuring devices; on good terms with Gristlegrim.

List of encounters:

1. The players begin by getting shipwrecked and only survive by ...
2. Getting washed up onto a small desert island with just one strange palm tree for company ...
3. Where there is a dryad living in the tree who gives them rings of underwater breathing because she is tired of the intruders' bedtime stories.
4. Delving deep under the waves, they face first a shark encounter in open water and then ...
5. A triton encounter beyond a narrow entrance in rocks which looks safer than being out with the sharks but ...
6. hides a cave with treasure chest guarded by a crab-man, beyond whom is a ...
7. Siren in a luxurious bedchamber guarding the way to trap door ...
8. Which reveals a rubbery 'rope' when opened, leading to a giant octopus with...
9. A magic metal ring which does nothing more than detect magic but ...
10. the octopus' eyes glow yellow with the word 'here' allowing access to ...
11. A giant clam, via a '*Helping Hand*' that pulls them through the fontanel of the octopus.
12. On the clam floor is Mother of Pearl, a talented taunter, and her daughter, Pearl, who is not a push over and can do a lot of harm with her voice.
13. Next the players are swallowed by a giant orca in whose throat they find a trap door but ...
14. Before the players are safely inside they run the risk of getting sucked down into a heaving pit of stomach acids unless they make a L1 SR on DEX and if they do...
15. They meet their first Deepwater Dwarf, Kelp Wavesurfer, who, after getting involved in a fight with Tritons with the players, tells them about ...
16. Fortress Orca, their home in the oceans of Trollworld before introducing them to ...
17. Coral Clamsucker, who wants to know if they would like to see the doctor, the PT instructor or make an appointment with the King.
18. They could get fit doing the drill with Sgt. Pilchard, get healed by the doctor or be given a quest by King Barnalces – this is almost bound to happen in which case...
19. They need to be kitted out for their expedition by the armourer, Sandy Saltlick, before ...
20. Meeting the expedition leader, Fustingbritches, and the rest of the squad.
21. The party has to get through an invisible wall and then ...
22. Meets some pretty little clown fish which leads to ...
23. A set-to with two giant clowns, Mr. Punchinello and Mr. Roberelli.
24. Next encounter is with a sunken wreck containing a guillotine trap and man-eating water fleas followed by ...
25. An unpleasant meeting with the old hag, Marie Celeste and Wanda, which leads to ...
26. A nasty immersion in deuterium.
27. There is some relief at discovering Dickensian Reef, which has ...
28. Doors to the Past, Present and Future as well as ...

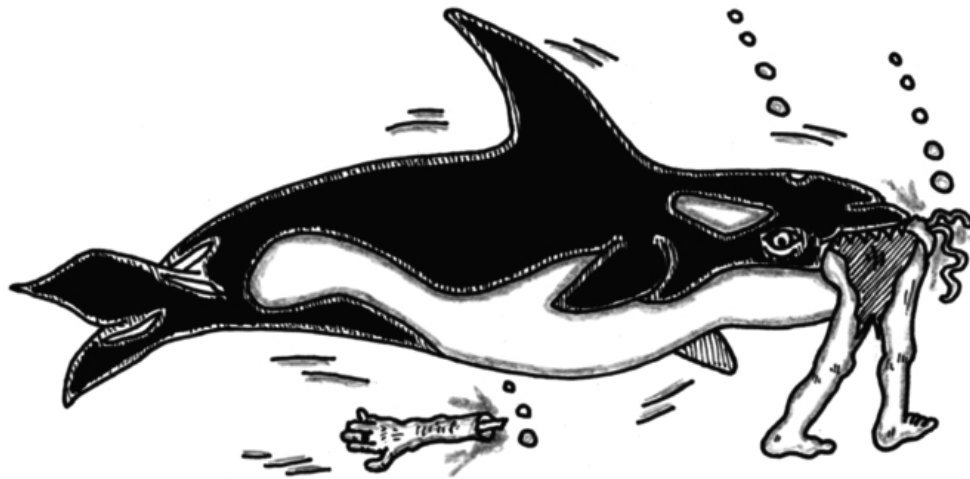
29. Two guardian reef trolls who ...
30. Have in their possession the target of the quest, the Silver Server.
31. There is distraction when Ramses Triton appears with a group of mermaid tourists who ...
32. May be interested in marriage but...
33. They need rescuing from a gang of tritons and ...
34. Then the reef trolls want to eat the players who ...
35. Have to solve a riddle to get free and save the ...
36. Silver Server thus freeing the god-wizard Spittlephlegm from his oath to protect the Deepwater Dwarves.
37. On return to Fortress Orca there is both a party to attend and the need to blackmail King Barnacles.

EXTRA CREDITS

Play-testing: the awesomely avuncular Chet Cox and that daring delver, Charlie O'Brien.

Original Artist's Sketches: the precocious Kamea Cowell

Mr. Roberelli: <http://www.mrroberelli.co.nz/> (wonderfully inventive music for the very young and the very lucky).



YOU MIGHT HAVE PAID YOUR TAXES BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE TO COME...

Deathbed



A Tunnels & Trolls Solitaire Adventure

By Mark Thornton (Khaghbboommm)

Tunnels and Trolls is a game created by Ken St. Andre and published by Flying Buffalo, Inc.

Cast list

Weslynn Janoum, Tom Soyer,
Steamboat Bill & Dinghy Bob, Rufus,
Miss Piggy & Henry Hayseed, Chicken George,
Stewart Root, Looney Pearkes,
The Purvis Family, Jonathan Bell,
Angus Teak, Salidus Senex,
The Boggs Family, Harry & Sally,
Buster Bloodvessel, Kitty Galore,
Mensa, Densa, Khennsa, Triagensa,
Ursa & Gryllus, Knocker Naylor,
Offal Eddie, Qarleph,
Red, Jezabel, Salome, Bathsheba & Magdalena,
The Mind Munter, Ike Godsey & Poochy,
Cyril Fletcher, Hughie Jarzh,
Megil the Hunter, Shifty Shawcross,
Carla Cunningpork and not forgetting Bearcrack O'Ryan

Are You Sitting Comfortably? That's Good.

Now We'll Begin...

This is a Tunnels and Trolls Solitaire Adventure by Mark Thornton (Khaghbboommm Press) for use with the 7.5 edition rules (although it is easily adapted for earlier editions and also, from August 2013 **[ok, so I got *that* wrong!]**, for Deluxe Tunnels & Trolls). Suitable for all character types and levels although not all will necessarily thrive!

Take APs for all saving rolls as you go as well as those proscribed in the text. And those for overcoming people encountered? You get their combined CON, CHR plus highest other attribute (roll 3d6 if no other attribute is given). There will be no opportunity to 'spend' APs until the end, if you ever make it that faaarrrrrr!

As always, with Tunnels and Trolls, you are meant to have fun and house rules are allowed – if it doesn't work for you, change it. For example, I haven't given those you encounter the chance to flee but you might be kinder than me! The main thing to take on board is that the mechanics for this particular game are quite different...

So the big, soft bed you now lie down upon has become a haven for you, a place to restore body and soul, to dream those dreams that will be tomorrow's reality. So it has been and so shall it be. The sandman holds the lantern to show that all is well for your Morningtown ride and you follow the tambourine man through evening's empire towards that jingle-jangle morning.

Something disturbs you. Your panther-like senses have not been dulled by good living. Your brain processes information rapidly. Not rapidly enough, as it happens. Not this night. Not any night to come. Roll 1d6 and go to <10>.

Well, what would you expect the sawyer to be called? OK, let's do it! Tom lies sleeping in his crib against the far wall. You know he's called Tom Soyer because there is a sign hanging from the foot of the crib saying 'Tom Soya'.

<2>

The boatyard handles repairs and manages moorings – there is no such thing as a free berth. There are two night watchmen dozing by a smouldering brazier outside the small office. The main doors to the workshop are open wide. Steamboat Bill and Dinghy Bob both get 2d6 (DARO) for CHR, SPD and DEX with 3d6 (TARO) for CON. If they get the chance to fight they will pick up oars (2d6) and try to paddle you good. They will give chase.

<3>

Taking in the homes of those who for whatever sorry reason have settled here in Hunt Center, you see that most homes are just rude shacks. There are a handful of solid log cabins and two residences have a second floor and a yard that is fenced in. If you would like to enter one of the poor shacks, go to <9>; if you decide to enter one of the log cabins, go to <29>; if you attempt to break into one of the grander homes, go to <19>. When you are ready to move on from this part of the village go to <17>.

<4>

Red's Place is very popular for lots of bad reasons. The ale is often sour but then it's a long way to the next inn if you've been barred from the Big Buck. It's cheap and dirty just like its patrons. If you had ever ventured in when you were still breathing air, you would certainly not have seen any customers not strictly human – tolerance for non-humans here is zero.

There are a few drunks sleeping in pools of beer and other less saleable liquids on the floor. It is at least rat-free as rodents have higher standards. There is the proverbial snowball's chance in hell of waking the drunks up and by now the serving wenches are out for the count too. The eponymous Red does not sleep here as he is affluent enough to own one of the grandest homes in Hunt Center. No, you are going to need to find his right hand man, his brother, the only man he trusts.

Rufus sleeps in the cellars. As you make your way down the stairs you make out chains and rings set in the wall. Rufus sleeps in a dungeon. He's alone this night because he has been attending to his weekly coin count. There are piles of coppers and stacks of silver. Not much gold in Red's establishment. The landlord is asleep in a pile of furs, all with the heads still attached – bear, wolf, puma and yeti.

Rufus gets 4d6 for CHR (QARO), 3d6 (TARO) for CON and 2d6 for SPD and DEX (no DARO). He will defend himself and gets 1d6 plus 8 with his bare hands but by the second round of a fight he will draw a kris (2d6 +3) which does magical harm to ghosts and the like, as well as protecting him from magic up to L3. If he is hurt and not killed in the subsequent round he will bellow for help. A L1 SR on DEX and then a L2 SR on SPD will be needed to disengage from Rufus and escape from Red's Place before others come to his aid. If you exterminate Rufus go back to <13>; if you fail go to <12>.

<5>

Here's how it all works. You must scare people to death. You do this by cornering them and making a higher level saving roll on CHR than they manage. If you do this, you then attempt a L1 SR on LK – if you make it, your CHR is one less i.e. the negative is greater. If you fail to beat them on CHR, attempt the LK SR – if you do not make it your CHR is one more i.e. the negative is smaller. A tie is failing to beat your opponent!

Every time you scare someone to death you gain 1d6 CON from your victim. If your CON ever rises to zero or a positive value go straight to <30>.

If you fail to scare someone to death, you can resort to attacking them and physically killing them. If you fail to kill them, something bad may happen to you. **You consult <25> if ever you attack someone physically.** Your other option is to run away. Again, if you fail a bad thing could happen to you. **Consult <12> if you flee and fail to escape,** as you must do to carry on. This also applies if you fail to kill your intended victims in three rounds.

You have to make a higher SR on SPD to escape. Even if you succeed in getting away, your CHR is one more i.e. the negative is smaller – you are less scary: this is a form of cowardice, even if it was prudent. You are less imposing now that you know you have a yellow streak. However, you can avoid this loss of scariness if you make a L1 SR on INT or WIZ (you choose which one).

You may successfully disengage from a fight you are losing if you manage a higher SR on DEX than your opponent – then the SPD getaway rules apply. Ghosts and vampires don't need to make DEX SRs as they are or can become incorporeal or turn to mist.

You may take weapons and possessions from anyone you extinguish but your own are still at home with your corpse!

If you lose a fight, what then? You are not alive, you have a negative CON! If your CON ever reaches double the negative you started with, the thread that has kept you connected to Trollworld is severed – go to <14>. Your starting negative CON can get greater (ie more negative) without causing you grief – but if it reaches a negative twice where it started that's when you go to <14>.

As for ghosts, it is hard to take damage. C'est la vie (ou le mort, peut-etre?). On the flip side, ghosts are the least scariest of the death-forms you might receive...

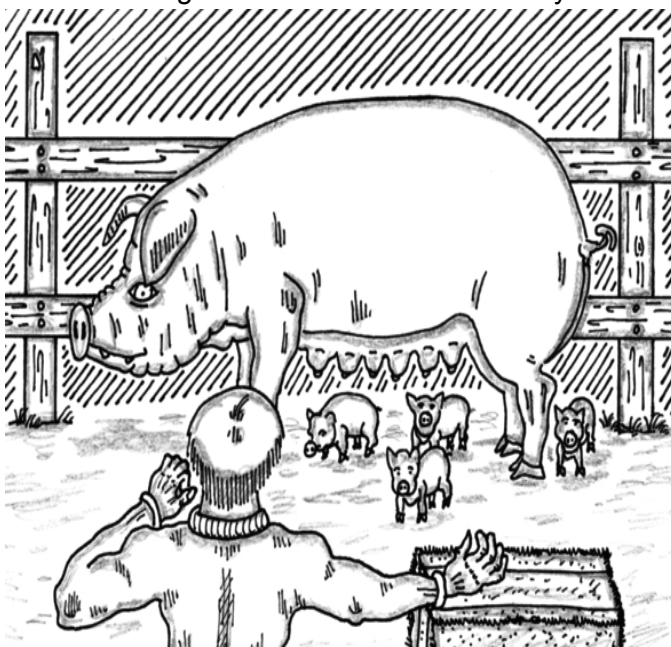
Now go to <7>.

<6>

Roll 1d6 to decide which farmhouse you are going to force your supernatural powers upon. You cannot terrorise any place a second time. When you are finished menacing farmlets go to <23>. They are not particularly well made dwellings, with the thatch looking patchy. Whatever you are, it is not going to be a problem getting inside. They all have open doors so the animals that get special care can come and go as they will, perhaps to promote greater cleanliness than would otherwise be so. Roll that dice –

1. The sleeping area is dominated by a massive sow and her piglets. The farmer and his family have rather less room. Thoughts of bacon do not distract you.

They have a combined man-and-beast CHR that you must shake up using 3d6 (TARO applies). You may attempt to induce a fatal hearts attack by waking them all up and doing your 'big scary dude' act. If you make a higher SR on CHR than they do, you succeed. You gain APs equal to their CHR as well those for the SR. Miss Piggy and Henry Hayseed fight with a combined 3d6. **Check out <5> to remind yourself of the advantages of success.**



- If you don't scare them to death, you must either **fight or flee (see <25>)**. The farmer has SPD of 7, the sow 9 and they both get 2d6 (nor DARO) for DEX and CON – they are the only one that will chase. No APs for killing them. If you give them the broken heart treatment, slay them or successfully leg it, go back to the top of <6> and decide what to do next. If you are terminated, go to <14>.
2. This is the home of Chicken George, the village's poultry king (he only got into this line of work in the expectation (unmet) of hosting hen parties). George and his birds are closely knit, one egging the other on with the result being a mess feathers, broken eggs and dust. Yesterday, you would have *quailed* but now you don't even care.
George has 3d6 (TARO) for CHR and 2d6 (no DARO) for DEX and CON. See (1) above for the mechanics. He gets just 1d6 minus 2 if he has to fight – flap more like – and he has never chased anything in his life and you are no exception.
 3. This farmhouse is ramshackle – it clearly lacks a domestic engineer. The poor slob who digs his plot here is a turnip farmer, as evidenced by the mounds of root vegetables from floor to ceiling. Why, he's even sleeping on a bed of turnips with his ale glass in one hand and his pipe in the other.
Stewart Root gets 2d6 (no DARO) for CHR, CON, SPD and DEX – see (1) above for how to work this through. He will chase you and throw turnips if you flee (L1 DEX to dodge or 1d6 damage – those vegetables pack a punch and his DEX is better with a turnip in his hand); he fights with a mattock (2d6) if it comes to that.
 4. The farmhouse is deserted. It looks as though no one has lived here for a long time. Dust cakes the window panes and cobwebs fill the corners. You hear a creak from the kitchen and the cellar door opens. A grey faced, shaggy, stooped man with yellow teeth and uncut, curved nails rises up and glares at you. Looney Pearkes is not pleased to have a visitor! He went quite mad years ago drinking his own poteen. This illegal and ill-advised moonshine, made from turnips, rots the brain but the insanity also warps the victim in other ways...he is strong, tough and scary! Looney gets 4d6 for CHR (no QARO) and tooth and claw gets 4d6 in a fight. He gets 3d6 (TARO) for SPD – he will pursue with vicious intent! He gets 2d6 (no DARO) for CON and DEX.
 5. As you enter you find a sleeping family. The Purvis' have a combined 'scare' CHR of 2d6 (DARO). Treat effective DEX and CON as 2d6 (DARO) also. There are 3 children and the father and mother. They look poor from the humble, meagre possessions but the house is scrupulously clean. If you don't end their pitiful existence with your frightfulness, they will not pursue you if you flee. If you choose to fight them, they get a combined 2d6 in their hungry, tired and downtrodden state.
 6. This is the farmhouse of Jonathan Bell. He doesn't put his trust in the old ways – he's a modern man of agriculture, originally from the much lovelier Camberwick Green, and he sleeps with a blunderbuss propped up against his bed. What's more he's a light sleeper and wakes, instantly alert, as you enter. He gets 3d6 for CHR, and CON (both TARO) and if you don't bring on that cardiac arrest immediately, he's going to squeeze that trigger with relish (the gun does 6d6 damage but you first have to roll 2d6 – double one means the over-powered under-engineered deathtrap explodes, killing the holder, while 1 and 2 means it misfires flatulently, embarrassing the bearer awfully). He's going to need a L2 SR on DEX to hit and his DEX is 4d6 (QARO). He fights with the gun as a club (2d6) and will chase hard - SPD is 3d6 (TARO).



<7>

You stand on the edge of Hunt Center. There are farmlands surrounding the village and the homes of some of the tradesmen providing services essential to the entire settlement. The hills ranged about the hamlet are thickly wooded and the great river rolls beneath it on its journey from Khazan inland. If you would like to explore this area, go to <23>; if you prefer to make your way to the houses of those who live and work here, go to <17>; if you would like to make your way to Main Street, go to <27>.

<8>

The blacksmith is a brawny fellow named Angus Teak. How tough do you think he is? Think tree trunk-tough. He sleeps with his back to his anvil, no soft town comforts for Gus. He gets 3d6 (TARO) CHR and will fight with his 4d6 hammer (and 6 adds). He also gets 3d6 (TARO) for SPD, CON and DEX.

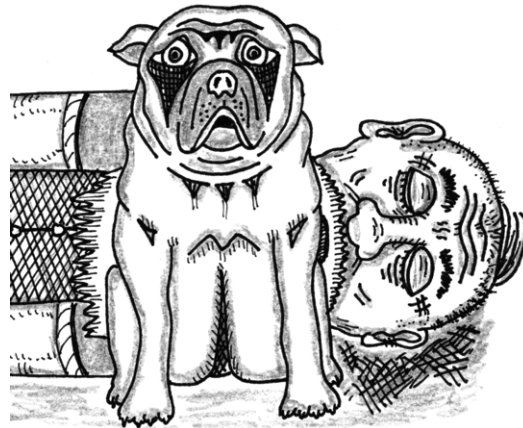
He will fight if you don't stop his heart and he will run you down if he can. Go back to <13> if you end it for Gus and to <12> if he does for you.

<9>

The door is not locked. Why should it be? There is nothing worth stealing here unless you are undead and it is life-energy you have come for. The crude dwelling has just one room – who sleeps here depends on which house you have entered. They all look pretty much the same. You can roll 1d6 to find out what you find. Tick them off as you do your worst as you don't get to terrorise the same place twice. When you want to look elsewhere for victims go to <3>.

Khaghbboommm 'Many Ways To Die'

1. An old man lies snoring loudly on a straw pallet with a dog at his feet. The dog seems to be gnawing on the old man's toes, without any great appetite. The geriatric is not the sort to leap out of bed and give you a hiding. Salidus Senex has a CHR that you must shake up using 2d6 (DARO applies). You may attempt to induce a fatal heart attack by waking him up and doing your big fright night act. If you make a higher SR on CHR than he does, you succeed. You gain APs equal to his CHR as well those for the SR. He fights with 1d6 and no adds but the dog will defend its master and gets 1d6 too. (The dog just whimpers and lies, erm, *doggo*, if you kill his master; it does not chase you if you flee.) **Check out <5>** to remind yourself of the advantages of success.



- If you don't scare him to death, you must either **fight or flee (see <25>)**. The old duffer has SPD of 1d6. He gets the same for DEX and CON. No APs for killing him. If you give him the cardiac arrest treatment, kill him or successfully flee, go back to the top of <9> and decide what to do next. If you are terminated, go to <14>.
2. A family of six sleep together on an old mattress on the floor, spilling straw from its guts.
See (1) above for who this all works. The Boggs' family are soundly asleep. As there's a bunch of them, they get 3d6 for family CHR (TARO applies) – same for CON and DEX. If you don't scare them all to Hades and choose to fight, they get 3d6 and no adds. They will not chase you but rather cling to one another.
 3. A man and woman are wrapped around each other on a narrow single bed while another older, larger man is tossing and turning on a similar bed along side it.
See (1) above for who this all works. The couple are snoring competitively and sit up with a start as you wake them. They get 2d6 for CHR, CON and DEX (all DARO) between them and 1d6 period in a fight. Harry and Sally are not chasers, at least not since they started dating many years ago. The other man is a bonus. Buster Bloodvessel gets the same stats as Harry and Sally and is not able to give chase but he has a nasty temper and gets 2d6 with his walking stick if it comes to a fight. Roll 1d6 – 1, 2 or 3 means the couple wake first, 4 or 5 and the large codger wakes before the other two, roll 6 and they're all awake together.
 4. The room is filled with cats. There are at least twenty felines here along with an old woman asleep in a rocking chair.
See (1) above for who this all works. Kitty Galore gets 3d6 for CHR (no TARO) and 1d6 for CON. She will neither fight nor pursue. The cats will do both however, Regardless of your success or failure at terrorising the old lady, the moggies will seek to mob you. They get a 'gang' 3d6 in combat and the cat pack gets 3d6 (DARO) for SPD and DEX – if they make a higher level SR than you if you are fleeing, they will leap on you.
 5. Four men in bunk beds are to be found here. From the spears and knives and furs in the room, the men are hunters. (1) above will tell you the mechanics of scaring, fighting and fleeing.

Khaghbboommm 'Many Ways To Die'

These men have a group CHR of 4d6 (QARO) and get 1d6 +4 in a fight without their weapons. CON and DEX are both 4d6 (QARO) collectively. If you don't finish them off in one round, anyone uninjured will be able to get a 2d6 +3 knife. Perversely, they are all named after dwarves the village has had trouble with – the names were awarded as titles for particularly nasty assaults on dwarves. Mensa, Densa, Khennsa and Triagensa each get 3d6 (DARO) for SPD and if one catches you, the others will be there like a flash.

6. A woman has her back to you, rocking a crib and cooing softly, while a man and a boy lie beneath a pile of rough woollen blankets on the floor. (1) above gives the action mechanics.

Ursa has 2d6 CHR, the man 3d6 (DARO); the boy and the baby have 1d6. Her husband, Gryllus, will chase with 3d6 SPD (DARO) and fights with a short sword (3d6 +2). He has DEX and CON 3d6 (no DARO).

<10>

Consult the table below. It will tell you what killed you. No saving rolls, no arguments. You are dead.



1. A nasty little leprechaun, *Wink-Winging* his way past your defences, armed with a rusty bread-knife dipped in dragon's venom did the dirty deed.
2. A man you once taught a lesson to in a bar fight who just became a mega-powerful Hammerfiend in a solo dungeon, gaining high level spells like the *Blow Me To* that got him, knitting needle in hand, to your bedside, is the guilty party.

3. Psychotic Psyam has had you in his sights for some time. He has watched and waited then watched and waited some more. He has mapped your movements - and where you go to, when and what for. Now he has given you what for. The cloth he favours reduces even the strongest to catatonic helplessness in nano seconds. What he does afterwards is something only the coroner has to know.
4. Madame Phantome is able to slip through solid objects unnoticed. It is hard to stop Phanny. You don't know her but she felt slighted years back when you jilted her in favour of Trampy Vampy, the belle of Buffalo Castle, even though Phanny was the one who grabbed your hand when you tried to walk that narrow beam across the bottomless chasm in Trollstone Caverns without a rope to secure you. You cad! You deserve the scalpel work she inflicts on you and the ensuing blood loss...
5. If only you hadn't sacked your maid. OK, so she wasn't as efficient as the new spell you developed and sold to the Wizards' Guild for a not-so-small fortune; sure, she skimmed on the cleaning over the mantelpiece where you keep your magical knick-knacks but she really needed the money after her husband ran out on her, her aged parents became incontinent and the bun in the oven turned out to be triplets...justifiable homicide, probably - she was driven in desperation to strangling you just so she could drain your blood and sell it to the highest bidding vampire...
6. Well, no one did it to you. What you heard was your fervid little imagination, nothing more, nothing less. What killed you was the fermented lentil stew you cooked up and consumed on a health fad - no one could have lived through an atmosphere you could and should have cut (badly) with a knife.



Now you know who or what sealed your fate, wiping you off the face of the planet, and how it was done. But how do you know? Kinda proves that death isn't the end of everything, don't you think? You feel intense, immense pain; everything goes red, then white and then black; silence roars in your brain like monster waves pounding a beach in winter. And then it goes white again and you feel very, very thirsty. Instinctively, you struggle to open your eyes.

When you manage this gargantuan feat, you see a mirror before you. What do you see in the mirror? Roll 1d6 and go to <20>.

<11>

The village cobbler, Knocker Naylor, is not asleep. As you enter, you see a man with his back to you, throwing darts at pictures of elves on the wall. The elves have been defaced with beards, moustaches, glasses, scars, antennae, wild hair - his imagination is not his long suit.

Knocker pivots when you enter. He is finely tuned to anything not just like him entering his narrow-minded little world. You are not like him any more than elves are. He gets 3d6 (no TARO) for CHR and will throw three darts at you. He's a good shot when he's aiming at vermin, which to him is anything non-human. The darts get 2d6 each and you need progressively higher DEX SRs to dodge them (i.e. L1-L3). His heart will hold out until he has thrown the three darts. Then he will fight with a 2d6 awl (no adds). He will chase and scream and spit and curse. His SPD, CON and DEX are all 3d6 (no TARO). If you rid the planet of Knocker Naylor return to <13>. If he is too much for you, go to <12>.

<12>

Failure to kill or flee

Whether you attempted murder or you were turning tail, the result was the same. *Failure*. Your evil intentions have undone you and the alarm has been raised. The people of Hunt Center emerge from their homes, wide awake to the danger and determined to exterminate it. Hunters and farmers, merchants and millers, they are armed and united in their common purpose – to rid the village of you.

There is no hope of fighting them all. A vampire would be overwhelmed, a ghost driven to dissolution, a zombie dismembered. You might yet escape. The situation is desperate. You need to make a L1 SR on LK to elude your current assailant. If you fail go to <14>.

If you made it, you tore loose and see hands reaching for you, weapons thrusting to end your undeath. Make a L1 SR on DEX to take evasive action. If you fail go to <14>.

If you made it, your gyrations worked. You are out of the grasp of everyone right now. But you have to get away, Make a L1 SR on INT. If you fail go to <14>.

If you made it, you spot a possible escape route. It will not be easy. More villagers are getting in on the action all the time. They scent blood. Yours! (Even if you have none.) Make a L1 SR on SPD. If you fail go to <14>.

If you made it, you rocket through a gap between two buildings and bolt for the cover of the woods. You have found speed from desperation that you did not dream you had. You have breathing space but they are not giving up on making a painful example of you. Two men leap from behind the trees and seek to hold you. Make a L1 SR on STR. If you fail go to <14>.

If you made it, you throw them off with malevolent force. Your hear skulls cracking against timber but you do not look back. Then you hear a cry behind you. Someone knows *Take That You Fiend!* Make a L1 SR on WIZ. If you fail go to <14>.

If you made it, the spell fizzles and fails. You have gotten away from everyone. Hunt Center is in the dustbin of the past! You have failed Weslynn though. There is no prospect of an immediate return to life. You need a Games Master to give you another opportunity. Will that chance ever come?

Take 500 APs – you may need the boost. I cannot wish you luck or even good health in the state you are in but perhaps you will not need it.



<13>

Main Street does not take long to survey. At either end there is a tavern, the one closest to the river is called Red's Place judging by the badly painted sign. Go to <4> if you enter this building. At the far end of the street is the larger, better built Big Buck Tavern. There is a large black boar's head above the door, protected by a wooden roof jutting out. Go to <18> to go inside. There are some other buildings with signs that you could try to get inside – the apothecary (go to <28>), the general store (go to <21>), the blacksmith (go to <8>), the cobbler (go to <11>), the sawyer (go to <1>) or the fletcher (go to <22>).

When you wish to leave Main Street go to <27>.

<14>

This has become hopeless. You are so totally dead, dude. In as much as you won't come back to life, anyhow. You won't find a nice soft grave to slip into either – there will be no peace for the wicked. You are destined to stay undead unless you are **1)** burned to cinders **2)** *Dis-Spelled* by some flash wizard **3)** given an old-fashioned seeing to i.e. for a vampire, stake through the heart treatment, for a zombie, skull pancaked, for a ghost, busted, etc **4)** you get exorcised **5)** a kindly GM takes pity on your blackened soul and supersedes the fate herein decreed.

You have let Weslynn down but that really does not concern you now.

Your CON and your CHR may continue to go down depending on the terror you bring down on the living. Enjoy your unlimited licence to deal death and destruction – you may add the epithet '*Inc*' to your name as a dis-honourific title.

<15>

It's your choice but Weslynn sighs heavily. 'That is disappointing.' She bares her teeth and moves closer. 'No, I don't want blood from you. I shall leave you.' That she does. After some hours, the mirror vanishes and a door appears in its place. The door swings open and you see in front of you the place that once was home. An insatiable urge to take blood, to terrify, to kill comes over you. *Go out into the world and be feared...*

<16>

You, in your present state, are not bothered by what you encounter here but you know that a short while ago you would have flinched. The tanning works is located away from the river and the prevailing winds determined its placement long ago. A vital service but an olfactory offence, the stink from the hides and the great vats of tanning solution keep most well away.

There is but one man here tonight, the same fellow who toils in the day. He has apprentices but they are not inured to the unholy stench yet and lodge still with their families. The tanner has no family. No woman has been found willing to share this life. He does have a name but no one uses it so we shall call him Offal Eddie. He gets 3d6 (TARO) for CHR and CON and 2d6(DARO) for DEX and SPD.

He has wickedly sharp flensing knives (4d6 +3) and he will attempt to flay you undead and add your juices to his big vat of nastiness if he can. If Eddie exits go to <23> but if you drop a clanger go to <12>.

<17>

You stand in the dark night in the residential area surrounding Main Street. Most of the homes are little more than shacks but there are some sturdy log cabins and two buildings have a second story and fenced gardens. If you would like to enter one of these homes, go to <3>; if you would like to head out to the farmlands ranged about the village, go to <7>; if you decide to head towards Main Street, go to <27>.

<18>

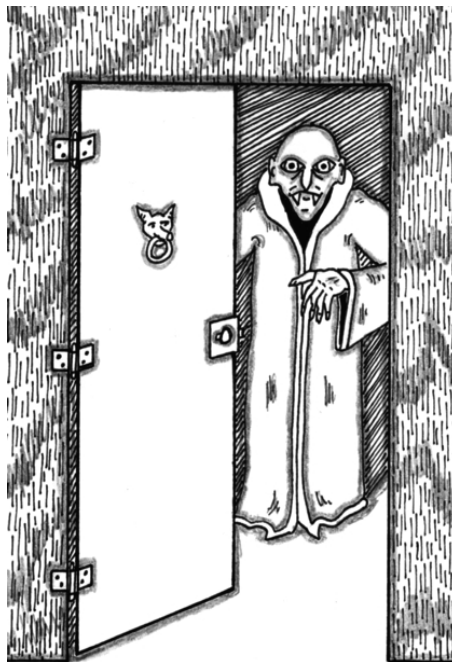
The Big Buck Tavern is the classier of the two alehouses in Hunt Center. It lost its landlady recently but that was no bad thing, as you would agree if you had knowledge what her role had been and for whom...

The new owner, Blotar, is also a riverboat captain. It was his sister that Weslynn shafted – literally. There are a few travellers staying upstairs as paying guests and there are staff quarters too. You are drawn to the only carpeted passage upstairs, one leading to a door with an elaborate brass handle shaped as a wolf's head.

As you try the handle (unless you simply pass through the door itself or underneath it), you feel twin pricks in your index finger. It is as well that you are undead because the poison does not affect you and the attempt to draw a small quantity of blood is irrelevant to you. This is the chamber of Qarleph, the new manager of the Big Buck Tavern. Qarleph is a vampire.

When you make your presence known, Qarleph rises and smiles, showing sharp fangs, tinged red from his recent meal. You could just go. He won't try to stop you. Is it possible to scare a vampire to death? You can try...he gets 5d6 (QARO) for CHR. If you fight, he gets 3d6 plus 30 without weapons. He gets 4d6 for CON, DEX and SPD (QARO).

If you just leave or you do end his time on Trollworld go back to <13>. If you fight and fail to overcome the vampire go to <12>.



<19>

There are just two residences with some pretence at grandeur in Hunt Center and, to give a unmistakable clue as to how the money is spent here, they are owned by the landlords of the village's two taverns. Trusted staff sleep as custodians of the hostleries with serving girls tending to the needs of those travellers and locals who spend the night within. The two proprietors are above such demands now. Roll 1d6 to see which one of the two homes you enter. The doors are securely locked and barred. Ghosts will have no problems passing through the walls and vampires are able to turn to mist and find a means of ingress. Should you succeed in frightening those dwelling within to such a degree that they give up the ghost, so to speak, you will have to reason to go inside a second time. When you are ready to leave, go to <3>. Roll 1d6:

1-3

This is where Red lives. Red is so called because of the colour of his hair and the nature of his neck. He collects trophies and gruesome ones at that. He has a cabinet with a motley assortment of ears pinned to the wood. There are only elf and goblin ears as they are the only folk to be found living in proximity to Hunt Center. Red is superstitious and believes the taking of ears both reduces the collective hearing of these

Khaghbboommm 'Many Ways To Die'

kindreds, as well as enhancing that of himself and the humans living around Hunt Center.

Red gets 4d6 for CHR and CON (QARO) and 3d6 for DEX and SPD (TARO). If you can't scare him to death, he will fight with enchanted knuckledusters (which come in very handy when you run a rough house tavern) – these get 3d6 each. He won't give chase – he doesn't have to since he has a magic rope (called Loopey) which will entangle anyone missing a L2 SR on DEX (you can rely on sheer speed if you make a L2 SR on SPD). If you do for Red go to <3>; if Red does for you go to <14>; if you get caught by Loopey or the fight just drags on go to <13>.

4-6

This used to be the home of Shannazan. She was killed by Weslynn, whom you now know. She was the one who ended Weslynn's life so they are all square in the great game of life and death. Now this is the sometime home of Shannazan's brother, Blotar, the riverboat captain. Blotar is away on business this night but his mistresses are abed. This is an arrangement that suits them all, as Blotar is not the sort to want a wife and neither is he a man any woman would want every night.

There are four women here, Jezabel, Salome, Bathsheba and Magdalena. Each gets 3d6 (no TARO) for CHR and 2d6 (no DARO) for DEX, SPD and CON. They get a combined 4d6 in a scrap and will not give chase. In their favour, Blotar has left Shannazan's *Mind Munter* here for their protection. The Mind Munter is a creature that saps INT from intruders. It has no physical form but it can be sensed. It drains 1d6 INT from any intruder failing a L1 SR on INT. The SR must be attempted each round the intruder is in its presence.

If you don't get taken down by the Munter and you can handle four mistresses go back to <3>; if you are turned into an intellectual cabbage go to <14> and if you get caught in a fight that goes on too long for you to escape go to <12>.

<20>

Consult the table below. It will tell you not just what you see in the mirror but what you have become.

1. You see a ghost. It is a classic 'white sheet', no legs, dark eye slits ghost. You have no STR and your CON is negative 21. CHR is negative 13. Your WIZ is 4d6 (QARO). Apart from that, your attributes are unchanged.
2. What you see is a skull. No flesh, nothing but bone. Being a creature of pure khremm, you have no WIZ of your own. You have 1/2 LK and your CON is negative 28. CHR is negative 14. Apart from that, your attributes are unchanged.
3. Looking back at you is a drooling, greasy skinned, ghoul with long talons and straggly hair. Your LK is just 2d6 (DARO) and your CON is negative 35. Your STR is multiplied by 1.5. CHR is negative 15. Apart from that, your attributes are unchanged.
4. In the mirror you see a creature with grey-green flesh. You are aware of a rotting odour. Your LK is just 2d6 (DARO). Your CON is negative 42 and your CHR is



- negative 16. Your STR is multiplied by 2 but your SPD, WIZ and DEX are halved. Only your INT is unchanged.
5. Reflected back is creature wound is yellowing bandages, frayed at the edges, leaking dust. You have half DEX and SPD and your CON is negative 49. Your STR is doubled. CHR is negative 17. Only your INT, LK and WIZ are unchanged.
 6. Staring at you is a pale skinned face with pronounced canine teeth. Surely there should be no reflection? Ah, this is Trollworld - you need have no fear of sunlight, crosses or garlic. You have no WIZ for you are a creature of khremm in essence. Your STR, DEX and SPD are boosted by a factor of 1.5. Your CON is negative 56 and your CHR is negative 18. Only your INT and LK are unchanged.

Now you can turn you head. Your brain should be going through overload, taking in both crossing the threshold to death and a transformation of monstrous implication. Instead, it has to focus on the being now walking round from your left to stand between you and the mirror. It is a woman, that much is plain, and an attractive one to boot. She is dressed in a flowing grey cloak and has crimson lips which contrast violently with her translucent complexion. Her teeth protrude from those succulent lips as fangs. She smiles gently and speaks:

"I cannot regret your death for without it you would not have come to me. I have a task for you. That surely cannot be unreasonable for we all have to work for our living after some fashion. Perhaps I should rather have said 'unliving' for you are technically neither dead nor alive. You have a form and you are sentient. Be content with that for now.

If you agree to help me, I shall take the pain that will grow the longer you remain here away. You will find this is a wise course. I wish you to obtain vengeance for me since I am not permitted to do this for myself. It may yet be that some other will do the same for you, if you burn with the need for revenge, as I do.

My name is Weslynn Janoum and I was a wine trader and am now, as I was before, a vampire, as you will have surmised. You see, my kind can die too for we are mortal, if long lived, but we can be given enduring undead life. That has not happened to me and I pray that this form which now cloaks you is but temporary. We shall see.

I died betrayed, in a pitiful mudpile named Hunt Center, on a river between Khazan and the vampire castle, Greybat. It should not have been so but it was. Two of my companions also died there, as did my killer. My companions were mourned sufficiently to give them new life, not so me.

Now I want you to teach the savage bigots of that place the meaning of real horror, to taste terror in every waking moment. You will frighten to death enough villagers so that the wretched place will be shunned and spoken of in tales to frighten children.

Your only hope of returning to the land of the living, in a state close to the one you were in before Death gripped you, is to accept this work. Should you refuse, you will be released to do evil to those you love. If you do well, you will be restored; if you fail me, your death shall be eternal and empty."

Weslynn gives you one minute to decide. **If you will do as she asks, go to <5>; if you feel you must decline, go to <15>.**



<21>

Ike Godsee's General Store is easy to find and old Ike is snoring his head off. He's a pushover (2d6 no DARO for CHR and SPD and only 2d6 in a fight using his billy club from under the counter). But he has a hound dog and that old hound dog wants to gnaw you good and greasy. Poochy gets 3d6 for CHR (TARO) and that's true for SPD as well. He gets 3d6 at close quarters. If it comes to a fight and Ike's still with us, he'll join in on the second round. Poochy looves to give chase. They both have 2d6 (DARO) for CON and Poochy gets 3d6 (no DARO) for DEX but Ike only gets 2d6 (no DARO). Off to <12> if you don't make the grade here and <13> if you get the job done.



<22>

The fletcher is a busy man in Hunt Center because these buggers are always trying to shoot something – deer, ducks, elves, minotaurs, goblins but especially elves. So Cyril is still awake and at work when you call. He gets 3d6 (no TARO) for CHR, CON, DEX and SPD. He will not fight very hard (1d6) and won't chase at all but he does have a surprise for the unwary.

Make a L1 SR on INT. If you fail, you set off a trip wire and an arrow comes hissing at you from the wall opposite the door. It does 4d6 damage. If you cause Cyril's ticker to stop tocking return to <13>; if you fail to murder him or flee then go to <12>.

<23>

In the light of the moon, as it breaks through the night's cloud cover, you mark a number of farmlets and some service businesses with the owners' cabins nearby. To break in to a farmhouse, go to <6>; to intrude on the tanner's sleep, go to <16>; to disturb the dreams of the miller, go to <26>; if you want to bust your way into the boatyard down by the river, go to <2>.

When you want to head into the village go to <27>.

<24>

Here are some possibilities for you. You don't even have to shake a dice, just choose.

- Go prey on travellers to Khaboom, the biggest city on Khaghtch'an, the Kraken continent – hang out just outside the great wall circling the city and its forest
- Force another election in Stoneydaze by taking out the newly elected mayor (see ***Rotten Borough – Election Special*** at DriveThru RPG)
- Downsize and wreak havoc from the inside (see ***Pressure Drop*** also at DriveThru)
- Tangle with Strangebrew, the Potions Master, or support the Mayor against Strangebrew (see ***Deception: Strangebrew's Chambers of the Unknown***, with a great cover by Grumlahk (Jeff Freels) at DriveThru)
- Go play with Fire Giants – see ***Ice Exile*** in *Trollzine* #6 at DriveThru
- Write to Khenn Arth via trollhalla.com and implore him for an early re-issue of *Monsters! Monsters!*

<25>

Consult the Attack Chart below to see how your type of unliving death fares:

1. Ghost – you attack with an icy mental touch; each round, anyone failing a L2 SR on INT takes 1d6 damage to CON; you are not harmed by unenchanted weapons; a group of 4+1d6 living sentient beings will dissipate a ghost in 2 rounds if it does not leave
2. Skeleton – bones act as armour (6 protection); attack is 3d6 without weapons
3. Ghoul – undead flesh absorbs first 2 points of damage; eating flesh (i.e. a limb of a human sized creature) restores 1d6 CON (scale up or down for non-human creatures); attack is 3d6 without weapons
4. Zombie – only head hits or dismemberment damages (failing L1 DEX indicates such damage; 1 or 2 is head damage (deduct from CON), 3-6 indicates a limb is severed and attack is then halved); attack without a weapon is 4d6
5. Mummy – vulnerable to fire (fail L1 LK and burning is complete in one round otherwise action required to extinguish flames); attack without weapons is 5d6
6. Vampire – if they cause CON reduction, vampires can choose to infect and if WIZ, INT, LK and CHR total more than victim they will enslave; damage regeneration is at 2d6 per round; without weapons attack is 3d6



<26>

Making use of the great power of the river, the village is served by a watermill with a huge wheel turned incessantly by the churning flow of water. The buildings here house grain supplies with sacks stacked to the rafters at this time of year.

The dark, satanic Mick Mills is sleeping outside in front of the big wheel, which is quite still now. Mick Mills used to be a sportsman when he lived on Portman Road and his wife, Mrs. Mills, played the piano. No one has seen Mrs. Mills for years now but as you advance you can hear musical tinkling coming up from the river.

Mick stirs at your approach and is muttering something strange under his breath in his sleep. He has 3d6 (TARO) for CHR and CON, 2d6 (DARO) for SPD and DEX. He fights with a billhook if he has to – this gets 4d6. He will not leave his mill so there can be no chase. If you do not frighten this ominous individual out of his wits in the first round, his incantation will summon Mrs. Mills from her watery grave.

She will arise, dripping and covered with weeds, to advance on you. Her CHR and CON are 4d6 (QARO) and she gets 5d6 in battle. Her SPD and DEX are 2d6 (no DARO) and she will pursue with single minded intent.

If you triumph or flee, return to <23>. See <25> for fight mechanics; go to <12> if you attempt to flee but get caught.

<27>

Hunt Center is a small village, lying on the banks of the Khazan River. It is surrounded by forests and farmlands. Life here is hard. The population is no more than 200. Travellers will find basic amenities but nothing is likely to tempt them to stay for more than a night's rest. If you would like to explore the business area, Main Street, which runs through the centre of the residential quarter, go to <13>; if you prefer to head straight for the homes of those who live here, go to <17>; if you want to make your way to the outlying areas where the farms and some of the traders live, go to <7>.

<28>

The apothecary is an old bespectacled chap, name of Hughie Jarzh. Hughie sleeps in a hammock in the shop surrounded by jars – jars with every colour fluid in, jars with pickled bits of body from mostly indeterminate creatures but some of them may not have come from too far away, jars with powders and jars with cream. They are a few with gases.

Jarzh has 3d6 CHR (TARO). He gets 2d6 (no DARO) for SPD, CON and DEX with just 1d6 for combat. He really could not give chase as he is a dodderly old codger. Normal rules for ending his long life, killing him in cold blood or doing a runner. You know you go to <13> if you are successful here and to <12> if things go to custard.

There's an extra element to cope with though. You must make a L1 SR on DEX. If you fail, either you knock jars over or Hughie flails around and is to blame. Knocking jars over is not good. There is a 50/50 chance of an almighty explosion involving highly toxic and corrosive substances. Roll 1d6 – odd means the jars fall and break –

Khaghboommm! Roll 2d6 (no DARO). That's how many d6 damage you must take of the big bang happens.

<29>

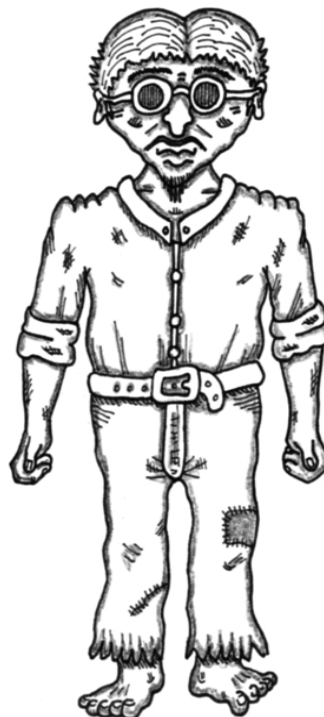
There are four sturdy cabins in Hunt Center. These places have doors that are locked. If you are a ghost or a vampire you can pass through wither the solid walls or through the cracks under the doors. Otherwise you have to break down a door or smash a window. Tick them off as you enter them as you can't scare to death the same folk a second time! Roll 1d6 to determine what you find when you do your breaking and entering routine. When you are finished here, return to <3>.

1. This is the home of the ranger, Megil. You see his great hunting bows on the wall alongside racks of arrows. There are knives and a great sword set on pegs on another wall. Megil lies huddled under blankets with a green feathered bird on a perch beside the fire, with its head under its wing.
He gets 4d6 (QARO) for CHR and CON and 5d6 (QARO) for DEX and SPD. If you fail to kill him with your fright show, he will fight fiercely with his tomahawk (3d6 +6) which he keeps under his pillow (he has a nastily scarred left ear and a holey pillow). He will chase as determinedly as he will fight.
The bird, Nipper, has a screech that does decibel damage (Megil wears earplugs). If you miss a L1 SR on WIZ your CON drops by 2 each round for a maximum of 3 rounds – Megil was not expecting the undead!
If you triumph, go to the top of this paragraph, if you fail go to <14> if you are terminated or <12> if fight or flight fails.

2. You have entered the home of Hunt Center's only dungeon delver, Shifty Shawcross. You see a variety of weapons and armour in an open cupboard, carefully stored and in good condition. Shifty is actually a pretty awful delver – he has survived by the skin of his teeth and the *Poor Babying* of wizard pals; he has set off countless traps and run away from many a monster. He has even developed an income stream by camping outside dungeon doors with stockpiles of supplies with which to provision braver party members on longer trips. But he does have a magic ring.

Shifty is a deep sleeper – he finds he worries a lot less when he is in the Land of Nod. You may well wake him and scare him to death before he can use the ring. He gets only 2d6 (no DARO) for CHR, CON and SPD but 5d6 for DEX and LK (it is the combination of these two attributes that have kept him alive thus far). Of course, he will not give chase and he will only fight in a very token 1d6 plus 8 fashion.

If you don't scare shifty out of his life forces straightaway, the ring doth then come into play. It conjures up an *Angel Delight*. This pink, light fluffy creature emanates good in quantities to make even the vaguely noble nauseous. It has the power to make anyone in its presence give up their wicked ways. This might well be a Damascus Road moment for you, epiphany time! If you fail a L1 SR on WIZ, you let go of your evil intentions and see the many errors of your ways. You slope off to a very remote corner of Khaghtch'an and live the unlife of a hermit, making sure you never bother a living soul again, counting and rearranging grains of sand endlessly without complaint.



3. There are mirrors adorning every wall. There are large mirrors in gilt frames and small circular mirrors set in carved wood, there are concave mirrors and convex mirrors. Clearly an extremely vain person is in residence here or perhaps a very security conscious soul. Then again, there are magic mirrors...

The owner is a young woman called Carla Cunningspork. Carla never sleeps. She is so vain she probably thinks this solo's about her. She rarely leaves home, believing that she is able to lead multiple lives and travel astrally via her mirror selves.

Carla is deluded. She journeys nowhere except in her mind and in that restricted sense she does range far and wide. She is ranging now and does not see her except in her mirrors. Will you still try to startle her off her mortal coil or will you leave this strange woman to her even stranger multiple worlds? If you prefer to leave go back to the top of this section – otherwise, read on, McDuff.

You feel weird. Your astral and ethereal selves have separated and enter mirror-world. You see them attempting to terrorise Carla. Carla has seen many terrors in the dark corners of this reflected universe that arises from the blackest depths of her soul. She is not easy to scare - her CHR is 6d6(SARO). If you don't succeed in giving her an undreamed of horror to contend with, you will only escape the mirror world by making a L2 SR on WIZ. Each round you fail, your CON get worse by 1d6. If you are damaged to the point of double starting

negative CON, go to <14>. If you make the SR, you may go to the top of this section and – for surviving this experience – you may take 100 APs and add 1d6 to WIZ.

4. Upon entering this cabin you see that you are dealing with another hunter. There are bear skins on the floor and elk heads on the walls. An entire stuffed boar stands in the middle of the main room, tusks festooned with hats. What an undignified fate for piggy boy – a glorified hatrack!

Bearcrack O’Ryan is the man who lives here. He is a veteran trapper and tracker but his success has made him soft or his sixth sense would have alerted him to an intruder – you! As it is, he snores and belches, no doubt dreaming of even bigger meals tomorrow. He has seen some terrible sights so you will have to press the metal to the floor now.

Bearcrack, who doesn’t believe in pyjamas, gets 3d6 (TARO) for CHR and DEX and 2d6 (no DARO) for SPD. He gets 5d6 (QARO) for CON because he is a blubbery boy and the bearskins he is swaddled in give him 4 armour protections. He won’t give chase but he will fight and gets 4d6 with his sawtooth sword, which is always close at hand. You can go to the top of this section if you dispatch him and go to <14> if he pushes your CON down to critical level or to <12> if bash or beat it failed you.

5. Treat this as a roll of 1.
6. Treat this as a roll of 2.

<30>

Congratulations! You have terrorised your way back from death! You find yourself back in that plain room where you first encountered your undead self with Weslynn ready to greet you.

‘You have done very well. These rednecks will rue the day they were born with bigoted brains and wooden hearts. I think now I may know peace. There is one thing I am permitted to do for you before we part. You may choose to be born again or you may elect to remain undead.’

If you prefer your current existence, you will continue to have a fluctuating CHR, as you scare mortals to death or fail so to do. You will not ‘un-die’ no matter how negative your CON becomes and it will not go above negative 1 now. Go to <24> to find your next adventure.

If you are keen to regain your earthly body and, perchance, extract revenge (and teeth) from your murderer, to rejoin the bosom of your family and eat junk food again, so be it. You will awake in your bed as if it had all been but a dream. But wait! There is more.

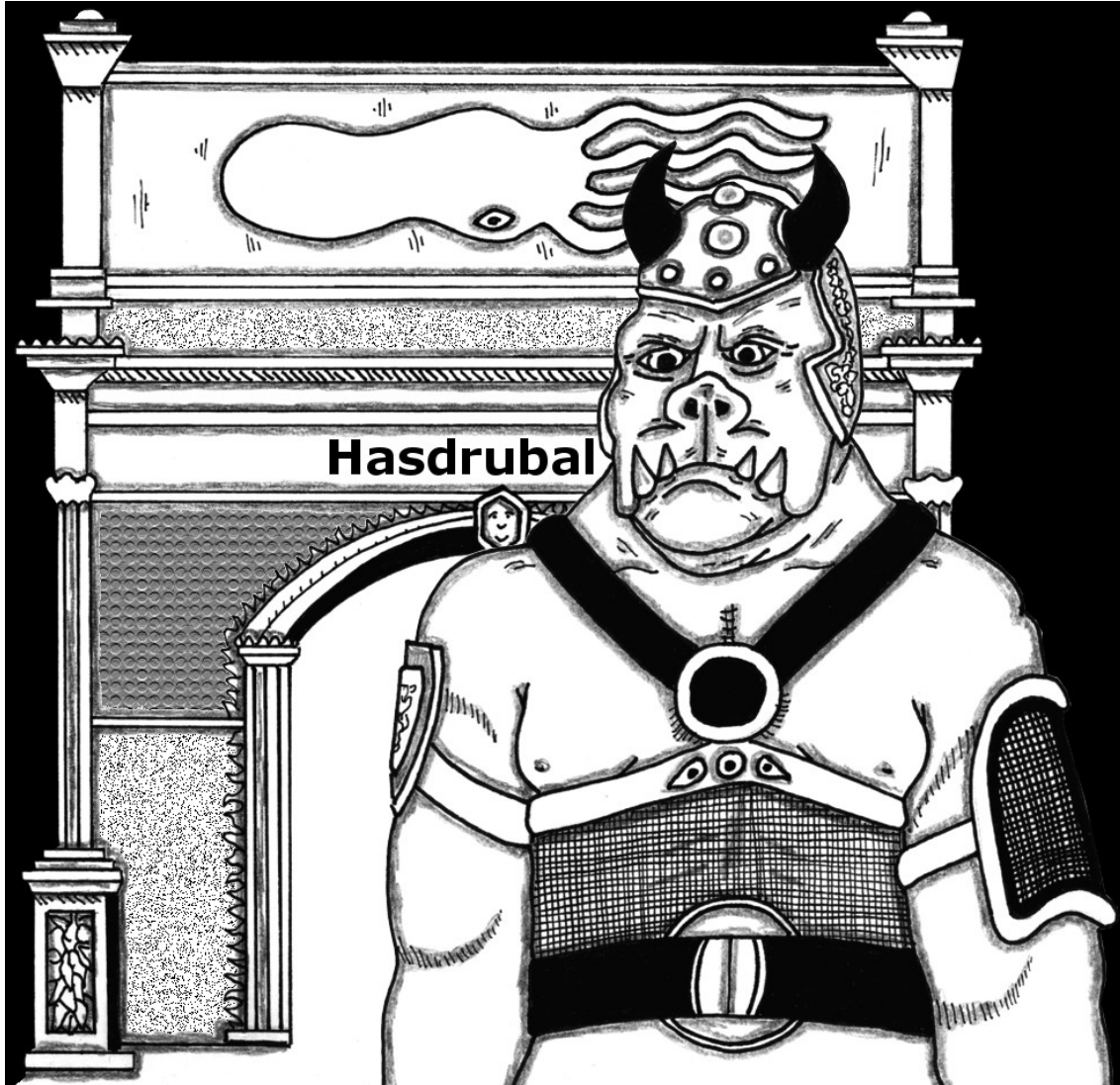
You will retain the ability, should you choose to use it, to scare others to death by pulling a hideous death mask face. Your CHR will rise when you use this power successfully and it will decrease if you make the attempt and fail (SR rules as in this solo).

You may take 500 APs for you experience of life on the other side of the great divide.

Weslynn comes close and holds you, her lips pressing briefly against yours. How sweet – an affectionate and grateful dead vampire. You feel a little prick against your lower lip and when you bring your hand up to touch it, you see a tiny spot of crimson when you look at your fingertip.

Maybe there’s a sequel to come...

Constant Vigil



This is a Tunnels and Trolls Solitaire Adventure by Mark Thornton (Khaghbboommm Press) for use with the 7.5 edition rules (although it is easily adapted for earlier editions and also, from June? August? 2013, for deluxe Tunnels & Trolls). Suitable for all character types and levels although not all will necessarily thrive!

Take APs for all saving rolls as you go as well as those prescribed in the text.

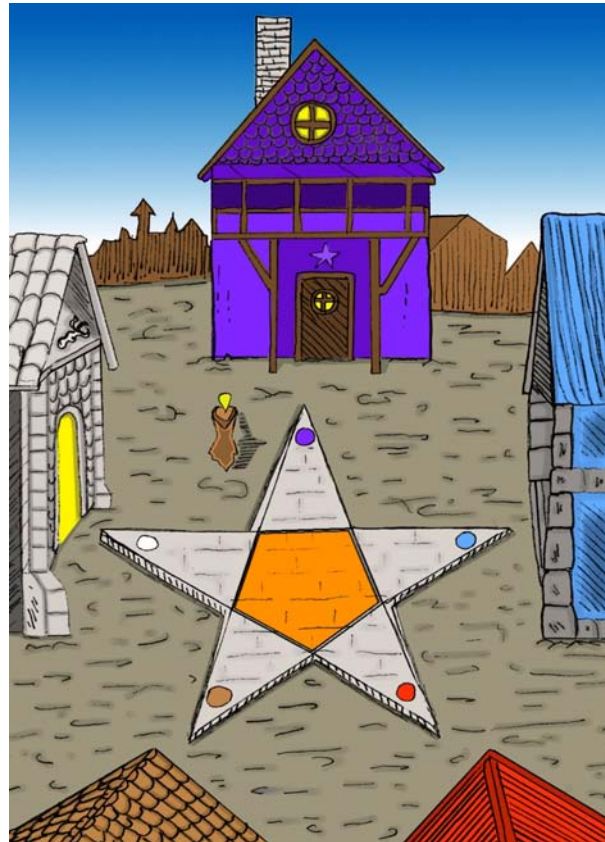
Tunnels and Trolls is a game created by Ken St. Andre and published by Flying Buffalo, Inc.

There is something of a kerfuffle in Khaboom today

because the plutocrat, Davor Pisk, is about to enter the city through the *Hasdrubal Gate*, the very gate where you are a sentry, part of the elite watch tasked to keep safe the city's governors and visiting lords and ladies. Davor Pisk is known by reputation throughout Khaghtch'an, the Kraken continent, and there are not many mortals who may claim such renown. Much more than a mere merchant, his entourage would put that of the Death-Goddess, Lerotra'hh, in the shade while his wealth has launched more ships than Helen's lovely face ever did in another time, another place.

There are always those who would try for immortality on the occasion of such a prestigious visit, either through audacious theft or meticulously planned assassination. Then are the petty opportunists who would pick pockets or break into buildings while attention is riveted to the grand personage. For all these reasons and more, the simple stricture that you work under is that you must not, for any reason, leave your post. You were selected, after rigorous training entailing trickery and endurance, to be the eyes and ears of the city: you must retain your fixed focus at all times and must never, ever, leave your post. There are others with the firepower to deal with whatever you see or hear or even suspect you saw or heard. There are wizards who scan your mind regularly for this information so you must stay put, come rain, come shine, a constant factor in any melodrama that may be about to play out.

The day is warm and will only get hotter. The Wind of the West, the mischievous Zephyr, blows playfully about the walls, tickling the strap of your bearskin headgear, reminding you that soon enough sweat will be running down from your forehead in rivulets, taunting you for your inability to break your iron concentration with even the slightest movement of anything other than neck or eyes. The Zephyr picks up yesterday's evening news sheet and is delighted to dump it on your head, from whence it drops dizzily to your feet. Your eyes pick up the report of a rumoured *Dark Brotherhood* plot to eradicate Davor Pisk this very day before he reaches the ineffable safety on *Pentagram Square*, in the heart of the old city. Perhaps the Zephyr is not in the mood for whimsical games today but is steering your ship to where the waters will run red with blood. It gives you food for thought, at any rate.



Pentagram Square, Central Khaboom

<1> While you mull that over, you gain a friend - although not one you might want to choose, perhaps. A delicately striped wasp makes a beeline for you and settles on your nose! That can't be conducive to giving full attention to duty. Make a L1 SR on CHR and go to <2>.

<2> If you failed the saving roll, you flinch and are about to swat at the peevish little insect when a sharp pain in your head, keyed in by Wizard Control, brings you back to your senses. Take one point of brain damage (to INT not

CON) and go to <3>, as you do if you resisted the urge to splat the critter – add one to your CHR for fortitude.

<3> Well, that was dicey and the flying time bomb is still staying rent-free on your hooter. Make a L1 SR on LK and go to

<4>.

<4> If you failed the saving roll the double-drafted thing crawls up your snout! Whoa! How can you bear it? Answer – you can't and, as you go to end its

miserable existence, Wizard Control blasts you in the brain stem – take one point of brain damage (INT not CON). Then the wasp panics and stings you! Now, a little wasp sting wouldn't normally kill you but in such a sensitive area? OK, death is averted but you do take one point of CON damage. Fortunately, Wizard Control steers your mind

back to hyper-vigilance, as expected, and you resume villain-spotting duties. Go to <5> as you do if you kept your nasal passages wasp-free zones.

<5> The wasp takes a hint and flies off to bother some other poor sap. Good riddance! Re-focussing with sterling effort, you see an old woman draped in a shawl, hiding something under her apron. Suspicious or what? Alarm bells ring in your cerebellum.

Make a L1 SR on INT and go to <6>.

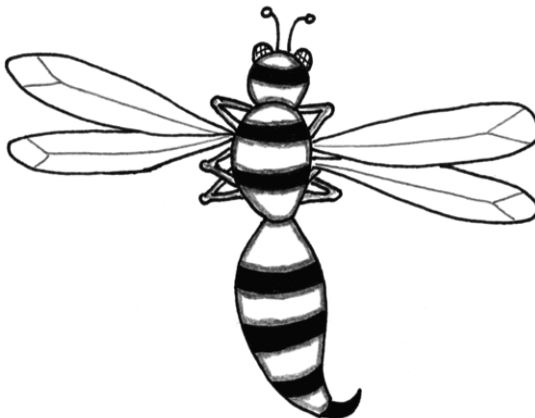


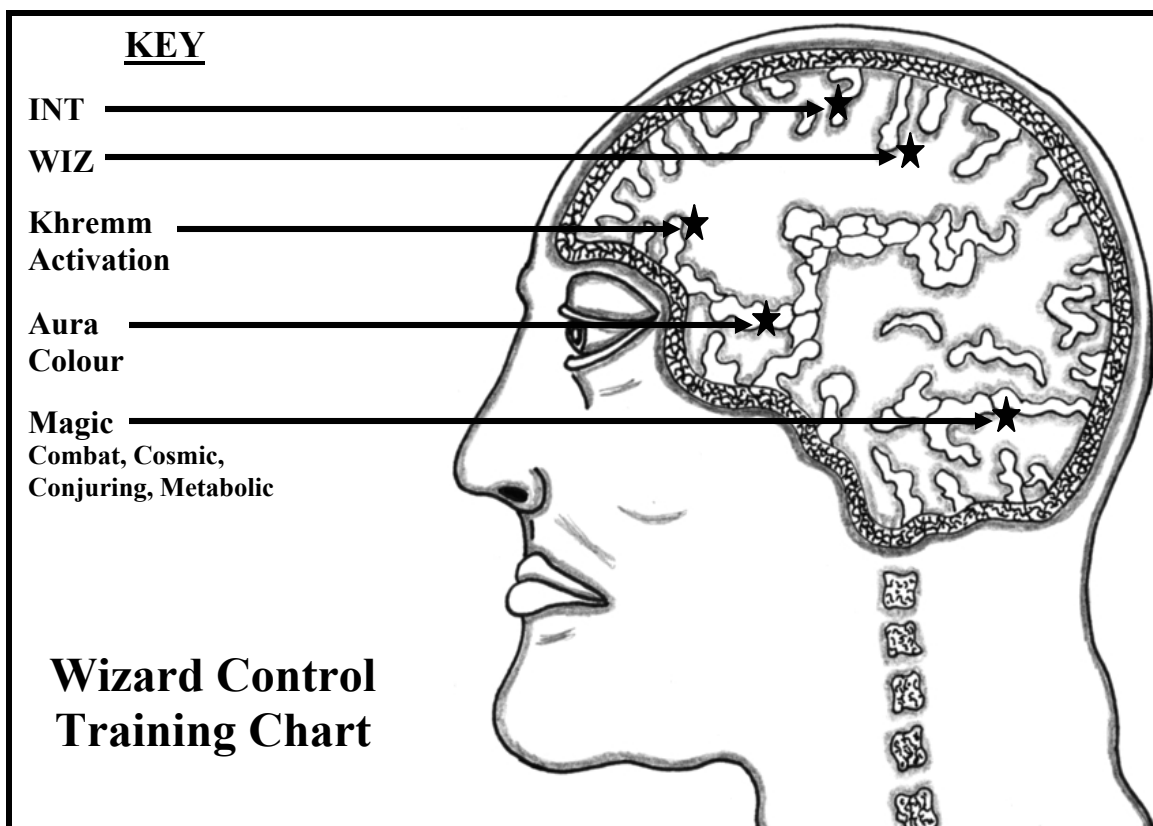
<6> If you failed the saving roll you fail to spot the apple pie she is seeking to conceal from the ever-to-be-avoided lout, Billy the Bully. Billy, although a very ineffective bully of anything with a STR greater than 5, has been known to knock over the occasional old dear as well as taking candy from new born babies. This frail octogenarian's STR is down to 3 in her twilight years. Not very savoury but hardly related to safeguarding the much esteemed Mr. Pisk. Another corrective jab from Wizard Control delivers one point of brain damage! Go on to <7> as you do if you took on board that such trifling matters are not your concern (at least not until you are off duty and catch Billy on his own in a dark alley)..

<7> Make a L1 SR on CON. Was it wise to eat curry last night in that hole-in-the-wall joint in Dog Breath Lane? Go to <8>.

<8> If you failed the saving roll you are suffering from Delhi Belly, also known as Monty's Revenge. With an inner rumble like thunderclouds clashing, your guts groan and wave the white flag...Wizard Control picks up the distress signal and has no choice but to act, in the interests of good hygiene and to save the illustrious merchant from the need for rubber boots and nostril plugs. Wizard Control takes a dim view of having their attention taken by digestive disorders and docks you one point of LK as a warning shot across your bow(el)s. Go to <9> as you do if you manage to contract key muscles and close all loopholes without magical intervention.

<9> The threat of impromptu expulsion dissipated, your senses scan the street for signs of terrorist activity. Just as well! Immediately, your ears detect a mysterious ticking noise coming from a blanket on a cart driven by a dishevelled, unwashed miller, goading a scabby ass forward towards the gate. Could this be the predicted attack, a bold suicide bomber about to pile rubble on a rich man's unprotected pate? Make a L1 SR on INT and go to <10>.





<10> By now you must realise that there is a risk of turning into a cabbage in this assignment. Fret not quite so squelchily – it is possible to earn credits from Wizard Control and they may deign to repair the damage they have done to your cerebral cortex. Or not. But let's not be pessimistic...Go to <16>.

<11> Out of the corner of your eye, you spy a fellow with what looks suspiciously like one of those fake beards favoured by women at stonings behaving oddly. He shuffles up to another man, this one sporting a monocle and a deep, livid scar running from his left eye to his mid-thigh. They back towards each other warily, palms upturned behind their backs and possibly exchange something. Make a L1 SR on INT and go to <12>.

<12> If you made it, your eagle eyes detect a ring passing from one to the other. The object accomplished, the two hare off in opposite directions, hopping giddily as they go. Very peculiar. Wizard Control scans your mind as they sense hyped up activity. They are pleased and send a jolt of khremm screaming across the aether into your central nervous system. This adds a point to both your WIZ and your INT. With this official stamp of approval, go to <13> as you do if you failed the saving roll and thought they were exchanging fingerprints.

<13> Confused voices muddled together rich your shell-like ears. Brows knitting together, you attempt to separate the strands of conversation lest someone be saying something about a dastardly plot to murder a merchant. Can you do it? Is the Pope a Catholic? You were trained for such aural exercise! Now let's see if you struck gold, partner. Make a L1 SR on LK and go to <14>.

<14> If you made the saving roll you unscramble the eggs and sift the wheat from the chaff. Goodness gracious me! Some chap with a lisp is telling another chap with a 'tache that 'thecurity ithn't up to thcratch at the thouth thide of the thity'. Another timely scan by Wizard Control trawls this pearl from your harbour and you are rewarded with a one point lift to LK. The next thing you know, they'll be weleasing Woger! Onwards to <15>.

<15> After all that excitement, things come off the boil. The minutes drag their way around the clock face and then start their pedestrian plod down and round again. The sun begins to warm you up as tedium taunts you and boredom burrows brainward. You are entering the twilight zone of sentry duty. Make a L1 SR on the average of CON and CHR and then go to <17>.

<16> If you missed that saving roll on INT, your mind ferrets into fiction and unearths haunted memories of other planets, other cultures and bombs. Leaping to fanciful conclusions, mental claxons blare and Wizard Control comes steaming in. But there are no bombs on Trollword! On top of this, there has been no sign of Davor Pisk yet so an act of wanton destruction would surely be way premature. A slap from Wizard Control chips off one point of INT. The miller is not a man who lives next door to any deity you would carry to dally with. Cleanliness being next to godliness and all that. No, he is a shamefully dirty fellow and so is his ass. The cart is no better and the creatures making the noise you picked up from the blanket and just...ticks. As you fully realised if you made that saving roll. Go now to <11>.

<17> If you failed that saving roll, you slowly succumb to the seditious seductions of sun and the sands of time. Your muscles flex and messages of movement move down to your legs. On your marks, get set, **ZAP!** Wizard Control stops you in your tracks and a point of brain damage is the price that the piper has paid over. Your report reads "Must do better!" Go to <18> as you do if you made that saving roll.

<18> If your INT happens to reach 3 down to 1, I bear good tidings: you may add 5 to any INT SR you are called upon to attempt. It is much harder to be distracted when you have lost most of your marbles. If, perish the thought, your INT falls to zero or lower, you are, and I must speak plainly now, clinically brain dead. Gravity topples you and so you are technically counted out before the man with the hand cart crying "**Bring out your dead!**" scoops you up and wheels you away for the worms to party on. Ah, but that hasn't happened yet, has it? Go bravely on to <19>.

<19> Like I said, the sun is becoming a factor and here comes another one. A small boy skips up to you and sits down. Huh? What's the worry? Nice to have the company. Until...he gets out a magnifying glass and funnels the sun's rays into a intense beam of horrid heat. Boot leather smokes, then sizzles, then splits. Sock and flesh begin to fry. Yaroo! Make a L1 SR on the average of STR and CON or your goose, like your toe, is cooked. Go to <20>.



<20> If you failed that saving roll, the smell of seared meat wafts its way to Wizard Control's scryers. Not fully committed to a cannibal diet, they act fast, putting out the fire on your foot, catapulting the boy into Khaboom's ornamental duckpond and stopping you from moving. All for the one fee – a point of brain damage. Keeping your feet firmly on the ground, you go to <21> as you do if you made that saving roll.

<22> You need something to occupy you, something to make your load lighter. And here she comes! A flirtatious laugh, a twinkle in her eye and a dimple in her cheek – that is all it takes. Dressed demurely in tightly laced bodice and long flowing skirts, this vision of unsullied loveliness glides past you, observing in dulcet tones how manly you are in your best dress uniform and bearskin bonnet. And then she's gone and try as you might, your neck will not crane round enough to follow her with your eyes. Ah me! What the Trollgod giveth, the Trollgod taketh back. But then she returns with a note in her hand. Her telephone number? Now you are being silly! There are no telephones on Trollworld and so there are no reception problems. Maybe her address then? That may well be for she breathes the word 'Tonight!' as she pushes the note into your hand. Will you take it? Surely Wizard Control won't notice and if they did, they'd understand, wouldn't they? Are they not red-blooded men underneath those magician's robes? Make a L1 SR on CHR and go to <53>.

<23> Trumpets blare! Fireworks flare! People stare! Villains dare? Go to <24>.

<24> He's coming! Mr Rich-and-He-Knows-It is on his way! Pay attention, don't lose the plot! Scan the crowd, now thronging about the gate, eyes peeled, ears pinned back. Listen, look, listen, look...what was that? An urukin with broad shoulders reaching into his pocket, fiddling and pulling out a...make a L1 SR on INT and go to <25>.

<25> If you failed that saving roll you can't see what the fellow is doing. Pity! If you were successful, you see that he has pulled out not a plum but a ring, a ring that reeks of magic and sports a dark, foreboding garnet. He is slipping the ring on to his middle finger and furrowing his brow in concentration and flexing his fingers. Go to <26>.

<26> **Not** seeing is **not** doing your job. Another sentry saw and Wizard Control whack your synapses for a penalty point of brain damage. Oh well, the cavalry is coming! If you did spot the urukin up to no good, Wizard Control and pleased that you can corroborate the other report and send you an energy boost because they don't want to lose a good egg like you. Roll 1d6 and add the result to your CON. Now go to <27>.

<27> Urikin Iggins wastes no time in putting his ring to good use, unleashing the magic within to cast a closed circle of frozen time in a 100' radius about him. And in the net within this ring, he catches Davor Pisk and his entourage of eunuchs and dancing girls - along with you. You guess that the spell must be extremely powerful and you figure its effect when you see so many formidable soldiers and citizens stopped in their tracks. Hmmm! What to do? Hope that Wizard Control can handle it and do so very quickly or abandon the stoic statue role, roll your sleeves up and wade in. Ummm? Wizard Control are quick to exert their authority when you step out of line but... go to <28>.

<28> It's now or never! Time either to rush in where fools fear to tread or to toe the party line and leave the bigwigs to deal with the unexpected. If you stay put go to

<30> but if you boldly go where no sentry has gone before beam yourself over to <31>.

<29> If you failed the saving roll, you hear sweet Fanny Adams calling out (she's one of the dancing girls) but your ears do not detect the longitude and latitude of Urikin Iggins. This daring assassin, who once had a partner called Reuben Carter, has Davor Pisk snookered and shoots for a gap between two of the bodyguards. If you did make the INT saving roll, you hear where he is and shout a warning just in the nick of time!

This makes the mincers' saving roll a tad less exacting. Go to <32>.

<30> As you stand your ground, dear friend, two things happens. Iggins vanishes and four mincetaurs appear. Ah ha! Davor Pisk's bodyguard was on the job all the time! The eunuchs cover their false modesty and cower, while the dancing girls look for poles to climb to safety or laps to settle upon. Meanwhile, the brawny bull-man-horses close in around their lord and master, bristling with fury, hooves stamping sparks from the Khaboomian cobblestones. But what of Iggins? What indeed! Go to <54>.

<31> Iggins glances casually in your direction and flicks a finger at you. His WIZ at the moment is 68 and his INT is 47. He casts a L2 TTYF, not wishing to waste WIZ but not wanting to leave witnesses. If that was too much for your sorry carcass close the book. If you withstood that ill-intended wake up call go to <32> and get your (carc)ass into gear.

<32> One of the mincers hears something wicked his way coming, maybe augmented by a rebel yell from your lungs. He has to make a L2 SR on SPD if you didn't holler your heart out but only L1 if you did. His SPD is 16. If he makes it, he utilises a small stone in his hoof and casts a 'Walla Stone spell. Roll for the bull-man-horse and go to <34> if he made it and <33> if the last part of his nature caused him to shut the stable door after the horse had bolted.



<33> Urikin Iggins carooms his way through the mincetaurs defensive line like John Riggins used to do in the good old days for the 'Skins. Sad to say, he hasn't been feeling at all well lately – in fact, it's only the morphine that's holding him up. Anyhow, the gist of it is that he has a terminal hernia and was told he only had one week to live six days ago. That is why he accepted this no-return mission and that is why he becomes Khaboom's first suicide Hell Bomb Burster. What he does now is simple yet effective. **Close the book.**



<34> Malcolm Mincetaur turfs out the 'Walla just in time and Urikin Iggins cannons into the solid rock and rolls in an ungainly fashion. Now's your chance! That hit made him visible and he looks groggy. Want to spring on him while he's down and maybe kick him in the goolagongs? Or perhaps you should leave it to the horseybullyboys?

Decisions, decisions! If you spring with a loaded boot, go to <36> but if you point and call out 'There he is – do something, win one for the Gipper!' then go to <37>.

<35> The other mincetaurs charge the urukin, snorting and snarling as they come.

You need a L5 SR on STR to get out of the sticky stuff. Go to <39>.

<36> Iggins is down but not out. He sees you coming and arcanelly constructs a Protective Pentagram about himself. Just as well for the mincetaurs rush upon him as one, heavy maces ready to turn him into jello. Instead, the maces rebound back into the faces of the mashers. Roll 1d6 for each mincetaur: an odd number means they knocked themselves out. Go to <38>.

<37> Just enough time for the urukin to recover! He flicks out a finger and an incandescent beam of molecule-smashing energy catches a mincetaur on the nose, knocking his horns off and leaving a fist-sized tunnel through his head. One defender demolished. This assassin has some, frankly, unfair advantages. He does not obey the normal laws of spellcasting and lashes out another spell without pause for breath. This time under your feet – you've been Slush Yucked. Go to <35>.

<38> What about you? You were swinging a boot at Urikin Iggins, weren't you? Too bad! You kick the Pentagram. Pain shoots up your leg. Take 2d6 damage direct to CON. Nasty things, Pentagrams, not made for being kicked really. Maybe you kicked the bucket too? If so, close the book. If you live, you may hop your way to <42>.

<39> If you made it, good show, old sport – go to <40>. If you failed, you only succeed in going deeper into the goo. Go to <41>.

<40> The mincetaurs have just crashed into a 'Walla Thorns – seems Iggins is a 'Walla Wallah too. Those thorns look horribly sharp and as dry as a Aussie stockman's throat on a Thursday. Are you thinking what Iggins is thinking? Ah me, he Calls Flame and it looks like there's a new flavour being bbq'd in Khaboom today. Do you want to run away while the assassin has his back to you or would you like to take a shot at being the hero of the hour? Go to <43> if you run away, arms windmilling wildly, or go to <44> if you want to punch his lights out.

<41> Urikin Iggins keeps compounding the grief, first stopping the mincetaurs from mincing any closer to him by casting a 'Walla Ice which is so cold that they stick to it. What a 'Walla Wallah he is! Then he casts Hard Stuff where you are Slush Yucked.

Things are not going terribly well. Go to <45>.

<42> If you failed that saving roll you were too slow by a long chalk. **Whoof!** The 'Walla Thorns goes up in a flaming curtain of devastation, incinerating flesh with alacrity. Roll 2d6 and subtract 7 – this is how many mincetaurs survived (no DARO but supposing you rolled double sixes, I can only suppose there was an extra mincer lurking unseen up 'til now). Go to <50>. If you made the saving roll, you got to Iggins before he could light the fuse, khremmatically speaking, to his spell explosives: arms flailing like a whirling dervish, you beat out a staccato rhythm on his skull. Now roll 1d6 and include your combat adds for your thrashing score before going to <49>.

<43> You ran straight into Iggins' time freeze spell. He gets away and you are hauled up before a Court Martial. Go to <48>.

<44> Make L2 SR on SPD and go to <42>.

<45> Before Davor Pisk can make even a token attempt at fighting for his spoiled, pampered life, he gets hit with Hold That Pose. Iggins scoops him up and prepares to Wink-Wing his way to ransom riches. It isn't an assassination attempt but a kidnapping! As he let's the magic time web about him fade to nothingness, Wizard Control are back in play. A war bola settles into your grip from thin air. The command '**Throw, now!**' echoes about the empty chambers of your brain. Here comes the crunch. Make a L2 SR on DEX and go to <47>.

<46> I can't say that I ever expected someone to get to this particular paragraph. You must be very lucky or the dice must have done something extraordinary. Or you may be Mad Roy Cram and you cheated egregiously. Anyhow, this hasn't come out too well for all but Urukin Iggins and he's got a terminal health issue. Davor Pisk has been kidnapped and the both the Mayor of Khaboom and Wizard Control have egg all over their faces. They are hard boiled and you are fried. Not literally but it's still not good. You are fined all monies and possessions save basic armour and one weapon. You are sacked. You are exiled from Khaboom for life. You are branded with the letter '**F**' (for failure) in the middle of your forehead (take 1d6 damage). I am less unkind though. Take 750 APs and if you would like a chance to redeem this character, by all means email your character details to mark.findlayrd@gmail.com or trollmail Khaghbboommm via trollhalla.com.



<47> If you failed that saving roll, you missed. Urikin Iggins does not much care for your continued interference and raises the fingers and thumbs of both hands at you, with the exception of the middle digit of his right hand which he reserves for use after the spellcasting, and sends a Death Spell #9 your way. If you make the L9 SR on LK go to

<46>, if not close the book because you are not destined to draw another breath on Trollworld. If you did make that DEX saving roll, the war bola sails gloriously through the air and wraps itself about Urikin Iggins legs, slicing him up like a salami. Legless, he collapses, not yet 'armless but not nearly as dangerous as a few seconds ago. He offers you a draw, saying that it is only a scratch, but quickly bleeds to death, proving himself to be a liar. You done good! Go to <52>.

<48> If you have 500 GPs to spend you can get yourself a good lawyer (engaging Kelba the Centaur will reduce the forthcoming saving rolls by 2 levels for each you are called to make); if not, you are on your own before the kangaroo court and there are a lot of minds already made up.

Khaghbboommm 'Many Ways To Die'

To turn things about, you need to make two L3 saving rolls and one L4 saving roll on INT, LK and CHR – you can choose what you want to make the L4 saving roll on: CHR if you think your charm will sway them, INT if you think you can outsmart the prosecuting attorney or LK if you think *Dame Fortune* will look your way. Much, much easier if you managed to afford the learned Kelba. Once the court has reached its verdict, you are either free to go, acquitted and with 1,000 APs to your credit, or banged up for 1d6 years in the Khaboom City Dungeon (with 750 APs). If you end up behind bars with the key thrown away, you might like to email your character details to mark.findlayrd@gmail.com or trollmail Khaghbboommm via trollhalla.com. I would be happy to suggest lifelines and there is also a solo named “**Jailbait**” in the pipeline which your character could feature in. Now there’s an easy road to immortality!

<49> Urikin Iggins has a CON of 40. His head was unguarded. If you did 50 or more damage, you killed him; if you did 41 to 49 points of damage then he’s got a cracked cranium and he’s dying; if you did 35 to 40 points of damage, he is unconscious and easily captured; if you did 30 to 34 points of damage then you need to make a L1 SR on STR to have stunned him enough for Wizard Control to take him prisoner; less than 30

and you just stirred up a hornet’s nest! If anything but the last transpired, go to <52> as hero of the hour! If you disturbed the nest, an angry sting is in the tail of this tale as far as you’re concerned! With the mincetaurs tangled up in their thorny problem, Urikin Iggins throws a Befuddle at you. Since I am not prepared to divulge all of Urikin Iggins’ attributes, we must agree (or agree to differ) that your are, in a word or a nutshell, Befuddled. He escapes, you run amok and do nasty things to the dancing girls and to the eunuchs. *The Powers That Be* take a very dim view of your conduct and do not accept that being Befuddled is an acceptable excuse, any more than they did last time you got into trouble because you were befuddled on home made cider. You are hauled off in an undignified and unceremonious manner to a Court Martial. Go to <48>.

<50> Are there any bodyguards left? If there are go to <51>; if not go to <45>.

<51> This time Urikin Iggins has to fight tooth and nail and that’s just what the micetaurs would have ordered had this been a combat restaurant and they had been perusing the menu, a tankard of foaming ale in hand. Iggins is no slouch when it comes to fisticuffs and he has a full bag of dirty tricks. He gets 6d6 plus 99 while each mincetuaur gets 6d6 plus 40. The mincetaurs’ CONs are 30 plus 1d6 while Iggins has a CON 40. You can join the brawl if you want (1d6 plus your adds) but you will take all spite damage (that’s just the way that the cookie has crumbled in my iron-gloved fist) –

the urukin gets spite for ones and for sixes! If Urikin Iggins is killed, go to <52>; if he triumphs and you miraculously outlive the mincers then go to <45>; if you are slaughtered in much the same way that Mary’s little lamb would have been had it entered the fray then **close the book**.



A mincer feeling the pain after taking the strain

<52> With the defeat of the fearfully deadly Urikin Iggins, Davor Pisk is safe and sound! Wizard Control takes over and its PR spin is that this was always a controlled situation that they had predicted and planned for. There is a big party is Pentagon Square and you are feted by the Mayor and Davor Pisk, the two great men competing for your attention. The Mayor makes you a Knight of Khaboom, which brings an annual pension of 500 gold pieces and allows you a guest pass for all stately occasions. Davor Pisk presents you with a scroll instructing his bank manager here in Khaboom to credit an account in your name with 5,000 gold pieces. He also offers you a job with his personal bodyguard which will pay 1,000 gold pieces per year and brings an intensive training course which will add 1d6 to the four physical attributes and 2 to INT and CHR through what you learn and the increase in status. Wizard Control is rather red-faced about this whole affair and offer you a pact: your silence (guaranteed by a L17 death-curse should you renege) in exchange for either 1d6 spells freely taught at any level you have the INT and DEX for if you are a spellcaster (no INT check to learn even for rogues, their best teacher will get the job done) or, if you are a warrior, one magic item that is permanently enchanted to do the work of any one spell at any level up to your own at a WIZ cost of 1d6 (recoverable at a rate of 1 every 10 minutes) each time you use it. Pretty cool, huh?



Khaghbboommm 'Many Ways To Die'

As for me, at this sweet time of our parting, I bestow upon you the handsome reward of 1,500 APs. I hope you will forgive the city of Khaboom for any frights it may have caused you; it is an excellent place to spend time in and if you would care for further adventures here just email your character details to mark.findlayrd@gmail.com or trollmail Khaghbboommm via trollhalla.com.



<53> If you failed that saving roll, your fingers took that note. **Twang!** An arrow of acidic energy arches out from an arcane author and acts out anger on your addled pate.

One point of brain damage served right up for mixing duty with pleasure. Go to <23> as you do if you refused the promise of a night of romantic intrigue and perhaps even a liason dangereuse.

<54> Make a L1 SR on INT. He may be invisible but you, with your highly trained lugholes, might just hear his fairy-like footfall. Go to <29>.

That's All Folks!

Credits:

Charlie O'Brien and Chet Cox, play-testers extraordinaires
Original Artist's Sketches – Alex Haynes, mincetaur expression artist
AR Holmes, inspirational author and smarter brother of Sherlock and Mycroft



MANY WAYS TO DIE

Death has come for you. You can run or you can hide - but probably you should do both.

Sentry duty during a high-profile parade under the unforgiving eye of Wizard Control might seem safe... A dive with the Deepwater Dwarves might seem like a holiday... A restful night in your own bed might seem a sure thing to see tomorrow's dawn...

If curiosity killed the cat, there are many more ways for Death to claim you, my delving friend!